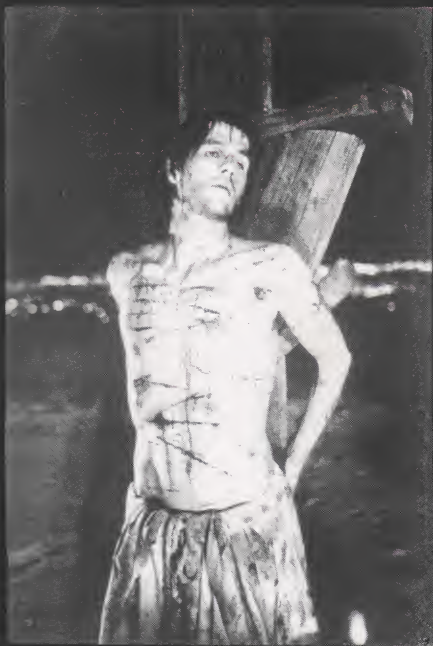
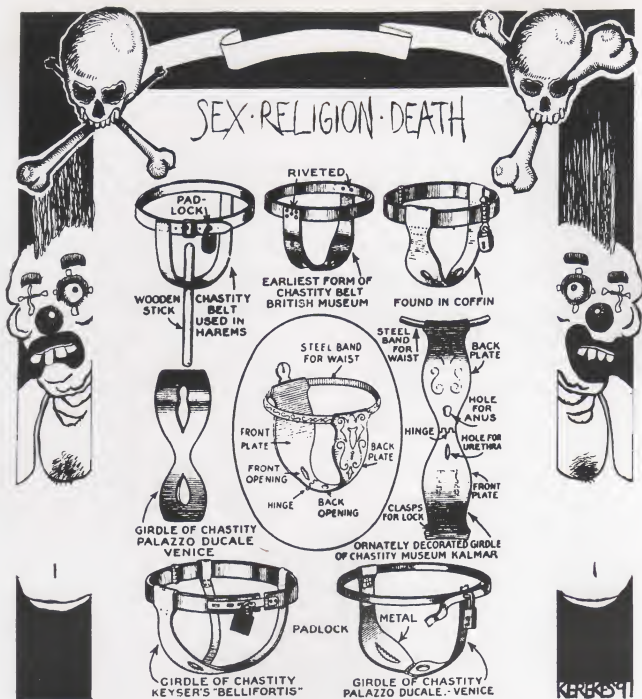


HEADPRESS

No. 2
ADULTS ONLY
£3.50



BIZARRE CULTURE
DEVIANT CONCEPTIONS
CINEMATIC EXTREMES



"THE ONLY WAY TO GET RID OF TEMPTATION IS TO YIELD TO IT"

EDITORS/LAYOUT: DAVID FLINT DAVID KEREKES DAVID SLATER

COVER DESIGN & ARTWORK DAVID SLATER PHOTO: JESUS OF MONTREAL (from the collection of Steve Ellison) HEADPRESS magazine volume 1 issue 2 Summer 1991. HEADPRESS magazine is published quarterly. We suggest that you write for no particular reason - send all mail, contributions and food parcels to the above address. Views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editors. All stills © copyright owners. Other contents copyright HEADPRESS 1991 and individual contributors. CONTRIBUTORS: NICK ABRAHAMS, CHARLOTTE BROWN, JACK HOUSDEN, TOFFO KROGIUS, HOWARD LAKE, JAMES YOUNG.

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HEADPRESS

PO BOX 160 STOCKPORT CHESHIRE SK1 4ET ENGLAND

EDITORIAL

Serial killers are still flavour of the month, flesh-eating dogs are finally muzzled, the BBFC pass hard-core porn, Jeffrey Dahmer apologises for sodomising and devouring 17 men and **HEADPRESS** has more pages.

Occasionally the **HEADPRESS** team deem it necessary to have a "business" meeting. We meet in the usual venue at the usual time. An uninspiring city-centre ale-house, twelve noon.

We order beers and sit at the most secluded table. Plans are made for the forthcoming issue of the magazine in between checking out the clientele in the pub. On this particular occasion it has been invaded by foreigners of some kind. They wave their national flags - Norway or Denmark we cannot decide - and shout noisily before vacating the premises and marching the streets like football hooligans. Perhaps they thought it was 1992 already.

After finally agreeing on whose round it is Dave Flint struts to the bar and brings the reluctant beverage back to the table. We try to calculate future issue page-counts, glance through acquired stills, sip ale and pass round relevant mail.

I go for a piss and another round of beers. I can feel a headache coming on already - my system is accustomed to the silkiness of Guinness not the sharpness of chilled lager - and wonder whether this third pint was a good idea. It is, after all, supposed to be a business meeting. Perhaps I should have ordered some food too, the ham sandwiches looked tempting, but a quick financial check ruled out the grub. I carry the three pints back to the table without spilling a drop.

We observe two guys sitting in our vicinity. One holds something in his hands. Something long, black and stiff. "It looks like a truncheon," he comments quietly to his colleague who smiles and touches its tip.

We discuss the beer, wonder why it affects us so quickly - it's not particularly strong - wonder why it makes us feel bad, wonder why we drink the damn stuff. Nevertheless we indulge in a fourth before hitting the streets to see how sales in the shops are proceeding.

As we walk from store to store all bleary-eyed and smelly-breathed we check out the crazies and the bums that litter the Manchester streets. The usual buskers are there in their usual places, a black guy with his banjo and a bottle - the archetypal cotton-pickin' negro strumming frantically to the sheepish shoppers; an unhealthy looking character with a set of wooden dolls whose feet he bangs on the pavement in time to the music blaring from the cheap cassette player. Spread on the pavement beyond the feet of the

dancing marionettes is a stained cloth with several small, valueless coins scattered on it. Another guy, probably twenty, looks forty, wearing scummy clothes, a top hat and a tatty piece of cardboard marked "homeless and hungry" sits there motionless, silent, unsmiling, stinking. The shallow tin at his feet is empty. Doesn't he know there's a recession?

His partners are squatting in another doorway some blocks away. Two of them, a punkish girl and a bulky guy with a shaved head. They have the same "homeless and hungry" card but these two have a dog. Some scabrous mongrel with a piece of frayed rope tied round its neck. Now starving mutts can generate a certain amount of sympathy from the British public but people have to entertain before any currency will be thrown in their collecting pots. I wondered if we would see them again in a weeks time without the dog and a card reading, "still homeless but not quite so hungry".

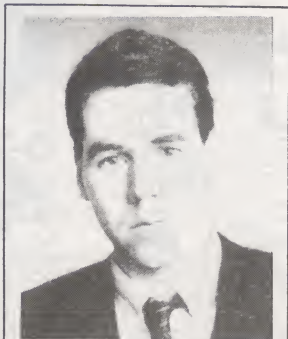
We hit the shops that stock the magazine and hand over extra copies to those who have sold out. One particular shop manager refused to put it on the shelf. Can you believe that? Surely it wasn't that offensive. What would he think of this issue? Another shop assistant flicked through the pages saying, "What is it? What is it? What is it?...". Assuming he meant the trade price we told him but he was oblivious to our reply and continued his wild, staccato interrogation; "What is it? What is it?...". We snatched back the 'zine and left him trembling and sweating. But what did we expect? Smiles and cash off everyone? Not really. After all, the most difficult part of putting a magazine on the market is the distribution.

Once the necessary administration is completed we treat ourselves to a further beer and continue with our future plans. The beer goes down slow and the ideas come out fast. Expect a small format one-off "comic" late this/early next year. We are already working on that publication with satisfactory results. All you subscribers will be first to be informed of release date. As with **Sins of the Flesh** it will be a limited edition. No clues yet of its theme.

The Festival of Fantastic Films was chewed over too as we are holding our own "specialists" presentation during that event. See inside for more details. Any of you people out there coming along make sure you're wearing the **HEADPRESS** T-shirt so we know who you are. In fact the first person to approach the **HEADPRESS** crew wearing one will be able to buy us all a beer! How about that for a wonderful gesture from such marvelous guys!

David Slater

AMERICAN PSYCHO FORUM



"I'M WEARING A TICK-WEAVE WOOL SUIT WITH A WINDOMPANE OVERPLAID, A COTTON SHIRT BY LUCIANO BARBERA, SHOES FROM COLE-HAMN..."

April saw the arrival of AMERICAN PSYCHO on the crest of a controversy wave. I guess I would have missed this time had it not been for the pre-publicity afforded it by the nice folk who insisted on the banning of this sick book. Much appreciated. It's not often that the whining plaintiffs complaints have any substance but this particular book lived up to its expectations. Even the cover painting was oddly disturbing.

The story itself takes some time to get to the "offensive material" but in the preceding pages we are in the fiscal fraternity of the Manhattan yuppies and, I suspect, this is Ellis' true-life realm. Rather than create genuine characters the people are described by their attire and appropriate designer labels and after so long this method does begin to irritate. The men, if they can be called men, all being in their early twenties, discuss what should be worn with what like immature schoolgirls. They will happily spend \$400 on lunch yet wouldn't give a starving vagrant a dime. The females are nothing but synthetic bimboes who have to be wine and dined at the most expensive restaurants before spreading their legs. The only credible humans are the bums and the prostitutes. The yuppies are as plastic as their credit cards.

Ellis' writing style is bizarre, sometimes confusing but almost always effective. During the hardcore porn sequences he can string a sentence out for seventeen lines but this tends not to pay off, as it does with the violent events, and the writing becomes immature and sloppy:

"...and then Christie is leaning into Sabrina's cunt and she's roughly spread her legs open as wide as possible and starts digging her tongue into Sabrina's cunt, but not for long because she's interrupted by yet another orgasm and she lifts her head up and looks back at me, her face slick with cunt juice, and she cries out "Fuck me I'm coming oh god eat me I'm coming" and this spurs me on to start fucking her ass very hard while Sabrina keeps eating the cunt that hangs over her face, which is covered with Christie's pussy juice."

This example is only half of the whole sentence and it is followed by another similar seventeen liner. This type of writing is more akin to cheap porn mags that will publish anything as long as it mentions "tight wet cunt" at least a dozen times in each paragraph. Judging from Ellis' ability I would suggest that he has adopted this immature method deliberately, perhaps he is even taking the piss.

When the reader reaches the essays on GENESIS and Whitney Houston one wonders what the fuck is going on. Both reviews follow scenes of astonishing violence, one moment you are being subjected to the ordeal of a girl

having her face demolished with her own severed arm, the next you are being given endless details of Whitney's career and the various albums she has released. Ellis seems to be playing with the readers emotions, pushing to the limits and beyond one second, then suddenly hitting out with innocent, unrelated trivia as though the essays were added as some kind of sedative.

The violence itself starts slowly and gradually becomes more intense and revolting. Eventually it becomes way over the top as he uses the "traditional" murder weapons such as nail guns, chainsaws, acid, rats, etc. The violence becomes so extreme that it ends up ridiculous. Most of the lingering offences take place in his apartment and he takes his bloodied sheets and clothing to a chinese laundry, and has a maid clean the clotted gore from his apartment floor. By the end of the book it is more probable that the killings were in his mind only, the fact that he gets away with everything is evidence enough. Perhaps Beteman is confusing reality with the films he watches. Or he is a kind of perverse Billy Liar. He even confesses all his crimes to a colleague who laughs it off

as a joke. During one particular evening he nonchalantly murders a busker and is seen by the police. He is pursued by the patrol car and a shoot-out takes place resulting in the deaths of several policemen. A SWAT team descend from a helicopter as Bateman is holed up in his office after blowing the brains out of several people in an apartment across the street. During this sequence Ellis drops the use of first person singular and distances Bateman giving the event a dream-like effect. The whole explosive episode is written in lengthy, breathless sentences followed by a nine page essay on Huey Lewis and the News which you are tempted to skip to discover what the outcome was. In fact we discover Bateman in the final stages of copulation with a colleagues wife.

Despite its peculiarities it is an essential read. Its infurulating dress-sense and brand name idiosyncresies become acceptable once the horrors begin, you feel safer with Bateman commenting on peoples clothing or his Hi-Tech HiFi rather than forcing shit-filled intestines into his mouth or securing a dildo in a whores arse with a nail-gun.

AMERICAN PSYCHO is not a reflection on American society but a mirror of the film industry, the sex and violence in the book are as excessive as unreal as the sex and violence in cheap hard-core/hard-gore movies.

The book opens with the line, "ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE" and finishes with "THIS IS NOT AN EXIT". Very appropriate parameters indeed.

David Slater



Buying Book

"Bret Easton who?" she replies.

"Ellis. Ellis." I say. By now I'm realising just how hot it really is in the shop. A solitary drop of sweat clings to my armpit then trips down the inside of my shirt. I compose myself, even though there's a queue standing behind me waiting to be served and it feels as though their collective breath is on the back of my neck and I'm dealing with a dumb fucking halfwit shop assistant. But I don't kill anyone.

"Listen," I start again, "the new book by Bret Easton Ellis. Ellis. You must have heard of it."

"I've never heard of him." She cuts. But I ignore this.

"He's the AMERICAN PSYCHO guy."

What follows is a show of absolute disgust on the assistant's face, like I am the epitome of everything ugly all of a sudden. As if I couldn't have said anything more offensive. Behind me, I catch someone whisper what sounds like Armenian Cycles? The cashierwoman shop assistant in front of me takes the offensive, as disgust becomes shock; shock, anger. For a moment, I'm thinking her expression is that of me having just stabbed her in the spleen, so I place my hands nice and slowly - palms down flat - onto the counter where I can keep an eye on them.

After what appears to be an enormous length of time, in which I'm catching half-sentences; in which I'm standing there with the slightest of grins on my face; in which I'm so close to this dumb fucking shocked looking fucking bitch and I can taste the



"Using a dustpan - which it takes me over a fucking hour to find - I corner the injured rat just as it frees itself from the trap and I pick the thing up, sending it into a panic, making it squeal even louder, hissing at me, baring its sharp, yellow rat fangs, and dump it into a Bergdorf Goodman hatbox."

smell of her flouride breath, the assistant finally manages to say, "Oh, we don't stock that kind of book, here." She says it in such a cold-handed way that I feel as though I might have to chisel the ice from her lips and all of a sudden the weight of the Black & Decker cordless power drill with its Mason Master bit is pressing against my trouser pocket, hard.

But I don't kill her. Instead, still grinning, I turn away reel slow and drawn out like in a movie, and make my way to the exit. At the same time, I hear myself say, "You're going to die one day...and soon." Then I leave.

BUS

I'm wearing a Rhinoceros Brand shirt from Army & Navy, a pair of Levis Straight Leg jeans (black, but turning grey because of washing), I've got a pair of plain socks on which I got from Crowdstopper (£1.50 - you've got to be a wise shopper nowadays), and a pair of olive green mountain boots from River Island Clothing Co. I don't know where my jacket comes from, but it's black with a hood that tucks away. I'm riding the 524 bus into the next town and the next big bookshop. On THIS IS YOUR LIFE yesterday evening was a gardener from Swensen.

Girl. Jump

I end up leaping from the bus as it's pulling from the stop, because I have to think whether I want to get off here and walk through the shopping centre to Macey's bookshop, or get off at the next stop, which is closer to Macey's but won't take me through the shopping centre and is uphill all the way, anyway. I end up jumping from the bus at the last minute in order to go through the shopping centre. When my feet hit the pavement with a solid crack! I think it sounds like the sound of breaking bones. Nearby is a girl with OK tits and beautiful sandy hair, but she has so-so hips so I don't kill her.

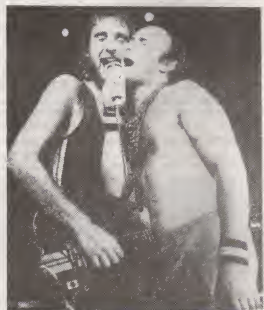
In Macey's, it's like this: books everywhere.

Buying Book

I'm looking at the collection of new Ploador titles, all laid out on a special Ploador Books display stand, but AMERICAN PSYCHO isn't on it and that's a new Ploador. I slide up to this bitch with long painted fingernails. She's wearing a Boob Tube with matching pencil skirt from Hitchens, black

shoes from Timpsons or Dolcis, and I ask her for AMERICAN PSYCHO. She doesn't frown or smile or drop dead, but leads me to the one spot in the shop that can't be seen from the window, and, reaching up to the section marked 'Modern Fiction,' moves a copy of Robert Campbell's IN LA-LA LAND WE TRUST to one side and lifts from behind it Bret Easton Ellis's AMERICAN PSYCHO. "Nice jacket," I hear myself say out loud. "I'm not wearing a jacket," Miss Boob-Tube announces, puzzled.

At the counter, I give the cashier two £5.00 notes. He gives me the receipt, wraps up the book and I leave. I might be saying "Thank you very much," but things aren't too clear at the moment. Outside I catch the strains of Whitney Houston singing I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY but it suddenly seems so very far away. I'm wondering whether I'm not hearing. "Hey, whaddabout your change, buddy?" from behind me.



"Mike Rutherford's bass is obscured somewhat in the mix but otherwise the band sounds tight and is once again propelled by Collin's truly amazing drumming."

Reading Book

Some time passes. Some more time passes. I'm no longer sure quite how long I've been here or where I am, but I'm on page 377. On page 377 is a line that goes: "Is evil something you are? Or is evil something you do?" And I'm thinking that with all the atrocities that have gone before in this book; all the blow by blow accounts of girls being hacked, chopped, burned, mutilated; all

the men who have been rendered sightless, decapitated, mutilated; all the animals tortured, mutilated; all the children murdered, mutilated; even the racist, sexist rents, yes, despite all of these things - or maybe because of them - this one line makes it all worth while. This one line has the answer. This one line is literature.

When I finish the book I don't know where I am or what day it is I don't know. What I think people find most disturbing about **AMERICAN PSYCHO** is that it isn't packaged as a horror novel, nor is it written by a horror novelist, but it does contain extreme horror and has lots of lurid sexual acts. But this is totally fucking wrong because the crux of it is, is that Pat Bateman - the 26 year old handsome, sophisticated, charming and intelligent, Wall Street psychopath of the story - is living a life where he is able to get away with anything, because everyone else is living a similar life anyway. That's what this story is about.

Product

It doesn't take very long at all to notice that there are an awful lot of name labels in this book: everything from shirt and ties to CD and televisions; everything from Valentino Couture and Ike Behar to Sensul and Toshiba. This in itself is psychotic and while the author's insistence on labelling every product he can may be maddening, I'm thinking that one day **AMERICAN PSYCHO** will be as chic a designer title as any of those to be found in the Bateman household...or in this book.

David Kerekes



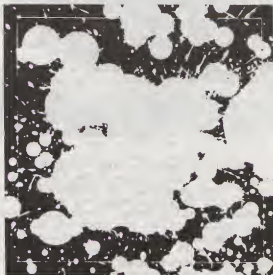
For all the hype, all the outrage, and all the hysteria, on the surface Bret Easton Ellis' **AMERICAN PSYCHO** isn't particularly startling in itself. Whether that's because I've subjected myself to such an unhealthy amount of extreme sex and violence over the years that nothing can offend me anymore, or because mainstream "intellectual" critics normally ignore hardcore splatter/porn writing and are therefore unaccustomed to the graphic imagery presented by Ellis, I'll leave to you to decide.*

Certainly, the violence in **AMERICAN PSYCHO** is

unusually unpleasant; Ellis' descriptions of sexual torture and mutilation are both unflinching and vicious. This said, though, they're probably no more unsavoury than much of the stuff to be found in low grade horror stories by the likes of Guy N. Smith, Shaun Hutson or the plethora of anonymous guts 'n' pussy merchants who filled the pages of the infamous **PAN BOOK OF HORROR** series. The difference - and it's for this reason that **AMERICAN PSYCHO** is both interesting and important - is that here, they're written by a talented author, within the confines of a major novel - one that couldn't go ignored by the literary critics (although a considerable effort has been made, in Britain at least, to do just that). By presenting such brutality, without apology and as part of an intelligent and often biting social commentary, Ellis has taken a bigger step towards breaking down social taboos on what can and cannot be discussed than Clive Barker and the rest of the Splatter-Punk hangers-on could ever dream of. For this reason alone, it's worth wading through the seemingly interminable pages of vigorously detailed fashion reports that - although vitally important to our understanding of the foul main character - threaten to write off **AMERICAN PSYCHO** as a lost cause before you reach page 100.

* Critical shock at the extremity of Ellis' novel is mirrored by the ludicrous press reaction to Jonathan Demme's competent but unremarkable adaptation of Thomas Harris' **THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS**, with critics falling over themselves to proclaim it the most frightening, shocking and gruesome film ever made. Suffice to say it isn't.

David Flint



FINNISH NEWS . . . FINNISH PORN

Toffo Krogius

Yes, it does exist in Finland, and - probably to the surprise of you the reader - on just as high a level as in the "classic" pornography-merchandising countries like Sweden and Denmark.

The Fins are known for being one step behind the rest of the free world when it comes to lifestyle, so we're not really noted for our pornography. This means that the Finnish porno industry is quite literally left alone (and neglected by our sloppy law enforcement officials) because of public unawareness or non-interest in the matter.

However, actual penetration (and sexual perversion, of course) is still illegal as far as magazines or films go, but that doesn't seem to stop the free enterprisers of the Finnish porno industry from putting out highly explicit magazines (which of course feature nothing but the illegal), or the porno-shop keepers from selling uncensored hardcore videos (not 'under the counter' but publicly stacked up for anyone's viewing!). Since the authorities have eased up on raiding these places, everything is quite 'out in the open', so to speak.



Close to the centre of the city is a part called Kallio which boasts several pornoshops (all on the same street). Prices are about the same in all shops; films range from 100 - 350 Fimk (£12-38) and magazines from 10 - 50 Fimk (£1.20 - 6) which is fair considering that these are original, new items, not used ones.

Checking these shops out is no major problem since public transportation, or more specifically the trams, will take you as close as to a 1 minute walking distance from any of them. Tickets are 7,50 Fimk (a quld) and are good for 60 minutes in any tram.

Here are the addresses:

King's Video: Iso Roobertinkatu
38/Albertinkatu 38/Albertinkatu 12

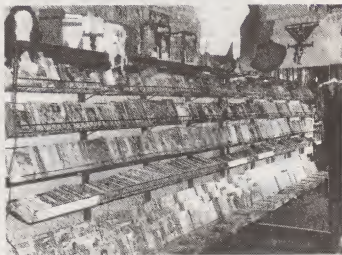
Merlie Oy: Uudenmaankatu 13

Sex 42: Iso Roobertinkatu 42

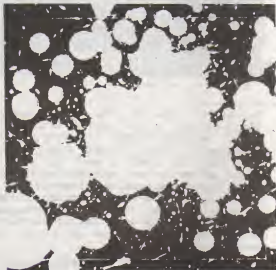
Sex 10: Eerikinkatu 10

Linjen Sex Shop: 5. Linje (Kallio)

These are just a few examples since many other pornoshops are situated on these same streets.



Probably the largest chain of pornoshops in Helsinki are the "Kings Video Sex" stores which carry anything from CHOKO-PARTY (get the idea?) to the all-American stinkers or Teresa Orlovski's newest. These stores also have a wide variety of magazines for sale (all wrapped in plastic to prevent boners on the premises?) at reasonable prices. The shopkeepers are less annoying than those in Denmark or Sweden, and won't mind finding a certain item if asked politely - these days, any business is good business.



GUSSET GROANS:CONFESSIONS OF A CALL-GIRL CARD COLLECTOR

James Young

The first ones I ever saw said 'Corrective Therapy for the Discerning Gentleman' and 'Street Clothes - Plastic Restraints' (the latter I now know pinched from an ad for She-and-His clothing). Feeling very embarrassed I slid them into my pocket, knowing even then that they would be the first of many. This was in the autumn of 1989; now, nearly two years on, my enthusiasm for these brightly coloured, offensively worded items has not slackened, and my collection is probably (and here I choose my words carefully) in excess of two thousand different examples.

What am I talking about? I'm talking about prostitutes' cards, those eye-catching calling cards that are distributed in their thousands every weekday in the capital's telephone boxes - from Malde Vale to Earls Court, Paddington to Bayswater, Baker Street to Tottenham Court, Euston to Kings Cross, Clerkenwell to the Barbican; a wonderful, colourful arc of of sleaze that runs right through the West End and beyond into the City - cards that advertise the exclusive or specialised 'no rush, no hurry, no worry' services of girls called Tara, Sophie, Roxanne, Kim, Shay or Lolita; girls who are almost always brand spanking 'new', but just occasionally 'back in town'; girls who will give French lessons, and discrete and sensual Thai massage, or even oral ecstasy, while wearing silk seem stockings and thigh boots on their 'sexy hot legs' as they stalk about their luxurious air-conditioned apartments, which sometimes offer video facilities or 1,000 uniforms, but which can always be relied upon to be 'local'. These girls are multi-talented, one new leggy model going so far as to boast of specializing in most services. And they have genuine 42" DD busts - most remarkably even when they are transvestites, such as the 'exotic [now there's an understatement] blonde masseuse', 'Mr Frances'.

RUBBER MADAM

Before there were cards there were stickers, but cards were certainly widespread, although not prominent, about the time I started collecting. Those were happy, carefree days for the distributors (who included kids as well as down-and-outs and tougher-looking individuals), because they pre-dated the war that British Telecom declared - and which it is still waging, unsuccessfully. It has to be said - against prostitution; a war that has resulted in an appalling loss of material,

flushed out in the early hours by the operatives of Swirlcourt ('Kiosk and Specialist Cleaners'). Several precious examples from this early period testify to the much higher rate of survival expected then; many are printed by hand or individually embellished with a highlighter



**Every Mans
DESIRE**

pen, watercolour, or felt-tip (a lover's heart being a touching and popular addition), or more rarely, and more excitingly, with the impress of a pair of woman's reddened lips. Naively, I now realise, I imagined then that the girls themselves would carry out these decorative embellishments in their idle moments in between customers, and that it was they who popped out for a brisk clip around Baker Street in order to put the cards out (later, when I knew better, I still liked to speculate that the curiously moving images of women on 'Brooke's' cards, drawn in soft, broken outlines by an enthusiastic if untutored hand, might be the work of a talented auteur hidden among the girls). I can remember the sense of shock when I first realised that a card of which I was very fond, one which was elegantly lettered 'Stunning 19 yrs Ash Blonde' (how discreet how tasteful), bore the same number as another that was culled from a kiosk several miles from the first; this second card was garishly illustrated and inscribed 'Madam Tanya - As Cruel as She is Beautiful'. Only then, with my dream of the ash blonde in ruins, did the scale of the organisation begin to dawn on me, subsequently I

reorganised my cards according to telephone numbers and distribution patterns, which revealed that about 60% of them are advertising a small number, perhaps eight or ten, of big league establishments. These possibly operate as agencies, using several telephone numbers, which are changed frequently, and they scatter their cards over a very wide area.

KINKY SPECIALIST

Many designs, however, remain localized, one such - a great favourite of mine - consisting of the heavily mascaraed eyes of a cool but wide-eyed beauty, 'Miss Bond', who offers 'A Lashing Experience' or golden showers to the punters from the North fresh off the train at Kings Cross. As can be imagined, entering a kiosk where eight or ten of these cards have been set out can be 'an arresting experience' - which is precisely the promise that another favourite extends. This one presents the cheerfully smiling photographic portrait of a woman police officer named 'Bobbie': sadly her portrait was later replaced by a macabre, mask-like line drawing of a WPC - perhaps, as I fondly like to imagine, because the woman in the earlier version or her husband took exception to it.

Police uniforms are a highly specialized taste and are consequently, alas, a great rarity on cards and stickers; they are presumably among the choices available from the houses that offer Uniform services or 1,000 Uniforms. Much more frequently advertised are nurses - one marvellous card

depicts a masked nurse leaning over an operating table, oxygen cylinders at the ready - end of course schoolgirls. The latter are overgrown out-takes from St Trinians; they invariably need extra tuition for bottom marks; and they will one day become the girls who are 'often thrashed but never beaten'.

BOUND TO PLEASE

Education, like spanking, can be a two-way affair, and strict disciplinarians, ex-governesses, and dominatrices are legion. These women - black chairwomen of the bench who love nancy boys and old colonial boys, but only when you bring them enough for EXTRA! - will teach you the error of your ways, teach you 'to learn your place and learn it well'. At its most horrific extreme this can apparently involve enduring '1/2 hour of Hell' manacled to a dungeon wall while being delivered due punishment. Interestingly, the services of dominatrices were advertised as a Christmas treat last year, when one could experience the 'Yuletide fun of having one's seats caned for X-mas', 'Cane and Able' and into Benching? Try Spanking! are two of the more memorable out of season selling lines used by the specialists. Generally, such sentiments are accompanied by line drawings - all black and white with suspenders, whips and lace-up thigh-boots; the latter sometimes licked by a man in a spiked collar until they are 'gleaming with perfection'; familiar stuff. But recently a graphic breakthrough was made with an unusually large card, which with its pattern of brightly coloured circles resembles nothing so much as the packaging for a children's party pack of balloons.

Large cards like this are on the increase - a further complication for the growing band of collectors, as it must also be for the distributors themselves (to whom of course we collectors are yet a further irritant). Myself, I favour small gem-like cards that can be slipped into the pocket unobserved. And in this respect one can scarcely equal a pair of long-running designs, only 2 1/2" x 3" in size, which are lettered 'Italian Model' and 'A Taste of Paris'. Masterpieces of tasteful ellipsis and understatement, these bear discreet images of a Venetian bridge and the Arc de Triomphe respectively. When I first saw the latter I thought it depicted the triumphal arch at the end of Paris' notorious red light street, the Rue St Denis, and that a sly reference was intended; but, alas, no. These two cards are often distributed with those of 'Ann Marie, Swedish Masseuse, visit and visiting', which have also enjoyed a similar longevity and which I mention here solely for the joy that their wording causes in me.

SCHOOLGIRL: FUN & FROLICS

3114

**Genuine
19 Years
Blonde**

**What I've
Got Is Better
Than Money!!**



LIP SERVICE

A single swallow does not a summer make, but still it was heartening recently to come across - so to speak - a card advertising 'Kirk, the Masseuse You Won't Forget'. Far from forgetting him, his card is engraved on my memory as being the sole one to advertise the services of a male-role man. Cards proclaiming the virtues of those who are big, busty and transvestite are common enough, however, and many others state that TV's are welcome, indeed, cross-dressing is a recurrent feature; several dominatrices guarantee complete feminization; and one marvellous design shows a bowler-topped man and a flitties woman flanking the legend 'He to She, the experience of a lifetime'.

Naturally, in this as in so many other respects, not everyone shares my enthusiasm. One who appears not to is the fruitcake who inscribed one of Madam Tanya's cards with the message 'God Loves You/Give Up' - this being incised to eerie and telling effect with a blunt pencil on the reverse in a curious, almost psychotic hand (Tanya, I hope you are reading this, girl). Another screwball goes around tearing away the first three digits of the telephone numbers, but such subtle and restrained forms of opposition are rare; and much more frequently I have arrived at a favourite telephone box only to find that dozens of cards have been torn up and cast upon the ground. Such action, combined with the more minor depredations of tourist souvenir hunters and serious collectors, and of course the activities of Swirlcourt, reduces the chances of a card achieving its allotted goal in life to the equivalent of that of a young sperm charged with the task of impregnating an ovum. And so the distributors fight back with nature's own tactic, by saturating the West End kiosks - not with sperm (which must get spilled in considerable quantities elsewhere) - but with the cards and stickers devised to get such vital juices moving.

ERECTIONS DEMOLISHED

About a year ago I was telling myself that this state of affairs could not continue much longer. But I was wrong; not only have they continued, but things have got much worse. The cards are more numerous and are found over a wider geographical span; the language is increasingly explicit, as are the drawings (which strangely enough are only now beginning to feature the joys of public hair); the distributors and sticker fixers are getting more and more blasé and indiscreet, sometimes even going so far as to open kiosk doors - interrupting and alarming innocent folk chatting on the phone - in order to put



4739
**Black Chairwoman
Of the Bench Of
Magistrates**

out their stuff; and now the printers are beginning to advertise their names and telephone numbers on the cards. So what will be next? Will the whole trade drag itself upwards and out of the underworld? I hope so; me, I'm looking forward to detailed, fully illustrated price lists, competitive price wars, loss-leaders, money-back guarantees, free samples, luminous plastic toys, scratch-and-sniff gimmicks, celebrity promotions, day-glow health warnings, Tory wick-dipping scandals, state ownership, corporate sponsorship - the lot.

Nr Baker Street
Genuine
18
Yrs
**A Little
Bit Kinky**
Till Late
7686



CONNOISSEUR VIDEO

David Flint

Connoisseur Video is the label of your dreams! The video wing of the British Film Institute, Connoisseur are responsible for the release of all those previously forgotten 'uncommercial' titles...European art films, movies with subtitles, experimental works...and what's more, they're releasing the films in their wide-screen 'letter-boxed' format and in beautifully conditioned prints. The label is showing that it is possible to be successful with such titles as Pasolini's *THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW* and Cocteau's *ORPHEE*, without having to dub them into English or colorize them.

The man in charge of Connoisseur is Ian Gilchrist, and I asked him why the label was formed.

"The BFI's distribution division, headed by Ian Christie, rightly perceived that there was a gap in the video market that no-one was servicing. They thought that they'd try to extend what they'd been doing in regional theatres to the video field. We then went on to try to assemble as eclectic a series of films as possible. In some ways, they've been too eclectic!"



GODARD

Connoisseur seems to be the ultimate 'cult film' video label, a comment which pleased Gilchrist - "we'd like to do more 'culty' films" - and thankfully hasn't indulged in the elitist snobbery that often seems to surround the world of the 'art film'. Indeed, that very label makes Gilchrist cringe.

"I'm not keen on the idea of being an 'art film' label. I'd prefer the term 'World Cinema', because not all our releases are really art films. How do you class the animation series, for instance?"

Ah yes...the three tapes of animated material (*AARDMAN ANIMATION VOL 1*, *THE BROTHERS QUAY VOL 1*, and *ANIMATION ON 4 VOL 1*) certainly seem to be in contrast to the rest of the Connoisseur catalogue at first glance...but after all, who else would release such esoteric works as the excellent Aardman films *CREATURE COMFORTS* or *A GRAND DAY OUT*? If it was a gamble for the label to handle these films, it's one that's worked.

"The *AARDMAN ANIMATION* has been our most successful release to date - we've sold ten thousand in about a month."

The other top sellers in the Connoisseur Collection include Wim Wender's *WINGS OF DESIRE*, and the assorted Pasolini and Cocteau films released. A few titles which might have been expected to do well, though, haven't quite lived up to their promise.

"For instance, Roger Corman's *THE INTRUDER* didn't do very well, despite getting a lot of press. Possibly it wasn't promoted in the right way...we'll be relaunching it soon. We also had a lot of distribution problems early on, but those have been sorted out now."

Of course, the label itself knows that some of its releases are not going to be huge sellers. A collection of Peter Greenaway's early shorts, for example, is unlikely to be ever challenge *BATMAN* on the charts. But then, that wasn't the idea.

Connoisseur's attitude is summed up by Gilchrist's comments on the George Kuchar compilation *COLOR ME LURID*.

"The Kuchar films have sold about 700, which isn't bad for something as obscure as that."

Since Connoisseur Video proved that Art Sells, other labels are now finally beginning to dip a tentative toe in the water. Castle Communications have often toyed with the 'arty' side of things, and now Artificial Eye are moving into video with a collection of 'world cinema' releases, Peacock and Virgin, who both released plenty of cult titles in their early days, are now doing so once again on the sell-through market, and various other labels are cropping up to release less commercial titles. It's looking as though the video stores are finally becoming worth a visit again...

COLOR ME LURID

If you ever wondered where John Waters got his initial ideas from, this is the tape for you. Subtitled *The Weird World of George Kuchar*, this compilation is a glorious excursion into the world of trash culture and sleazy lifestyles.

George Kuchar started his career in the mid-fifties with twin brother Mike, before they went their separate ways in the mid-sixties, and was responsible for the most entertaining films on the underground scene in the

sixties. While other underground film-makers were producing experimental works, Kuchar was churning out mini-epics like **PUSSY ON A HOT TIN ROOF**. This collection contains six of his films, and kicks off with his best known title after the legendary hard-core oddity **THUNDERCRACK**, **HOLD ME WHILE I'M NAKED**.

HOLD ME WHILE I'M NAKED is shot in screaming, almost fluorescent colour, and details the making - or rather, the attempted making - of a movie. Kuchar himself plays the director (sounding uncanny like the **PINK FLAMINGOS** narrator 'Mr. J', who was played by John Waters...surely not coincidence), who insists his actress go topless because "the mysticism of the stained glass window and the profanity of the brassiere do not go well together", and discusses the rest of the film by commenting "If we have time we'll do the scene where you're found naked in the fall-out shelter and you've got those radioactive wheels on your thighs". It's the ideal introduction to the Kuchar universe, with it's glowing visuals, tacky characters and stirring music.



KUCCHAR

In fact, music is extremely important in all Kuchar's films. The next on the tape, **THE MONGRELOID**, for instance, has breathlessly exciting and dramatic music pounding on the soundtrack as accompaniment to completely bland and nondescript home movie images, as Kuchar reminisces with his somewhat ragged looking dog about the good times they've shared. The effect is pretty funny, and occasionally quite touching...**FOREVER AND ALWAYS** was born when Kuchar was given \$50 to film a 'hooray for kids' festival in San Francisco. Rather than deliver a straight documentary of the event, he instead interweave the footage with an unhinged soap opera detailing the breakdown of a marriage. As her husband dallies with his mistress, his wife takes the children to the festival, with tragic results. **FOREVER AND ALWAYS** is riddled with pop culture references, from **WONDER WOMAN** to naked woman ashttrays. It also sports the best soundtrack this side of Kenneth Anger's **SCORPIO RISING**, with a chaotic mix of flittes love songs, melodramatic orchestral pieces and hideous children's records in place of dialogue.



KUCCHAR

If **HOLD ME WHILE I'M NAKED** is Kuchar's best known film, then **A REASON TO LIVE** is his best loved. This black and white kitsch masterpiece pulls out all the stops, as it recreates, in a somewhat bizarre manner, the glamorous melodramas of the forties. **THUNDERCRACK** director Curt McDowell and star Merlon Eaton both appear - McDowell as the unfaithful husband of Eaton (who looks ready to explode in a Divine-style 'glamour fit' at any moment). He phones a couple of cheap floozies to arrange a date, fondling the breasts and crotch of a miniature hindu goddess as he tells the overly made-up and cheaply dressed woman "I like you...you're natural". It's all here: a toilet full of (literally) nasty shit that has to be forced down with a stick; death and destruction; and a blonde suicide by bathtub electrocution.

Strangely, **COLOR ME LURID** contains two films that aren't mentioned anywhere on the sleeve. **WILD NIGHT IN EL RENO** is a very short piece that dives headlong into Kuchar's constant obsession with the weather (most of his films make reference to cloud formations, storms, etc), consisting of nothing but footage of windswept fields and streets, with old jazz numbers blasting in the background. **I, AN ACTRESS** is another hilarious black and white film with Kuchar talking Barbara Lapsley through a rehearsal for a typically outrageous piece, constantly trying to get her to be more and more dramatic ("I can't do that George, I'd be too embarrassed", she laughs as he tries to persuade her to clutch her breasts during one furious outburst). It's genuinely funny to watch, and a fitting end to the tape.

Considering how John Waters has found success in the mainstream, it seems a shame that Kuchar - whose films were thematically and stylistically similar (and to be fair, Waters has readily acknowledged the extent of Kuchar's influence on his work), but far less 'offensive' - never had the same breaks. But then, maybe he never really wanted them...

SERGO PARADJANOV

This tape contains two films from one of the Soviet Union's most intriguing directors. **THE COLOUR OF POMEGRANATES**, filmed in 1969, is a remarkable piece of cinema. Ostensibly based around the life of Armenian national poet Sayat Nova, the film disregards the tedium of reality, and instead is essentially a plotless celebration of Armenian culture. It's beautifully filmed, the sharp, clear visuals being swamped in a wealth of striking colours and often surreal imagery. Parajanov is obviously not interested in reconstructing the blandness of the everyday world in his film, and everything is tinged with fantasy. Characters appear with painted faces, fish flop on the sand, gallons of water pour from the pages of books being pressed by huge weights... the effect is dazzling. It's quite unlike any other film, and often threatens to overwhelm the viewer with unfamiliar visions. This isn't so much a story as a collection of small fragments of life, sliced up and served together in a stunning mix of art, colour and traditional music.

The authorities were less happy than the critics with Parajanov's work, and he found his future projects blocked, before finally ending up in prison in 1974. He didn't have the opportunity to make another film until 1984, and that production, **THE LEGEND OF THE SURAM FORTRESS**, makes up the second part of this double bill.

THE LEGEND OF THE SURAM FORTRESS has a much more conventional narrative than **THE COLOUR OF POMEGRANATES**, but still deals primarily in recreating - and reconstructing - historical culture rather than fact - in this case, the culture in question being of Georgian origin. The legend of the title tells how the Suram fortress continually crumbled until a golden haired youth builds himself into the walls. As with his earlier film, Parajanov here uses this traditional myth as a springboard for his fantastic visual ideas; the film opens with a startlingly vivid shot of bright red robes contrasted against the brown fields of Georgia. Throughout the film, there is a stunning combination of ethnic music and powerful visuals that conjure up a potent atmosphere of mysticism. There's a powerful, over-riding religious presence throughout the film that is rarely stated overtly, yet constantly seeming to shape events.

As with **THE COLOUR OF POMEGRANATES**, **THE LEGEND OF THE SURAM FORTRESS** contains many surreal images, and uses various cinematic techniques like jump-cuts and slow-motion to further disorientate the viewer and subvert reality. In contrast to the earlier film, though, this one has a much earthier feel. In fact, much of the film is reminiscent of the medieval films of Polish director Walerian Borowczyk. In particular **BLANCHE** (1971).

Parajanov's films bear little resemblance to the reality of life in either Armenia or

Georgia, but it doesn't really matter. These films aren't documents of social realism; rather, they bring together all aspects of the respective regional cultures, to create a fantastic, dazzling fantasy world that never really existed...but probably should have.

Neither film is easy to watch in the conventional sense - the lack of coherent storylines will be off-putting to many viewers. But if you have a love of innovative film-making, or simply want to watch movies that float over your consciousness rather than batter it senseless, then I highly recommend them.



PARADJANOV

THE VANISHING

Unlike the Kucher and Parajanov films, George Sluizer's **THE VANISHING** is reasonably well known, and pretty commercial; only the fact that it is subtitled prevented it from becoming a major international success.

The haunting music and swooping aerial photography of the opening scene set up a feeling of unease instantly, as we move through the French countryside with Dutch couple Rex and Saskia. "Lovely local colour", she comments, and we find ourselves in a dark tunnel. Saskia tells Rex that she has a nightmare about being inside a golden egg, flying through space forever: "the loneliness is unbearable". The car runs out of gas, and Rex sets off for the nearest garage, despite Saskia's pleas for him not to leave her. When he returns, the car is empty. We expect this to be 'the vanishing'...but Sluizer is merely playing with us. Saskia is waiting at the other end of the tunnel.

Elsewhere, a man slips a false cast onto his arm - after Ted Bundy but before Buffalo Bill. This is the unmistakable sign of the Serial Killer.

After Rex and Saskia have made up their differences, she goes to buy a couple of beers at the service station that we have just seen the Man with the False Cast standing outside. Rex waits. He checks his watch. He waits a while longer. Saskia does not return. He searches for her, but it's no use. Saskia has vanished.

Three years later, and Rex is putting up posters of Saskia in the town where she disappeared. He receives a message to be at the local cafe, but no-one meets him there. This is the fifth time it has happened. At another table, the Man With The False Cast sits watching.

Rex appears on a local TV news programme, and appeals to the abductor: he wants to meet, to know what happened. He seems more than a little mad himself.

Back in Holland, he is confronted by the Man with The False Cast, who introduces himself as Raymond, and offers to let Rex have the opportunity to find out Saskia's fate, by accompanying him back to France. He knows Rex won't kill him, because if he did, he'd never know. The only way for Rex to reach the truth that has eluded him for three years is to live it. The final solution is pretty devastating.

THE VANISHING is a remarkable film. Szulzer toys with the viewer, pulling him along almost as cruelly as Raymond does with Rex. We want to know what has happened too, but after Saskia's disappearance, the film shifts back in time, to detail Raymond's build-up to the abduction. We know he's the person responsible, and we know why he's done it (at one point he comments, "you get an idea, take the first step, then another, and you're up to your neck in something crazy"), but we don't know how...we don't even know for sure if Saskia is dead or not. In fact, beyond the abduction, we don't actually know what he's done at all.

When Rex agrees to follow Raymond, it's because he has no choice, and neither has the viewer. Brought up to expect movie victims to be corpses (we don't need to see their lives, but we have to witness their deaths), we are forced to wait for most of the movie to have our solution. The Vanishing is not enough. The question of what finally happened to Saskia is screaming through our minds. And, for us as well as for Rex, the final answer is the worst imaginable.

WEEKEND

Jean-Luc Godard is a most unusual filmmaker. The leading light of the French New Wave in the sixties, he spent the 1970's making experimental film and video projects like *NUMERO DEUX*, before returning to the (slightly) more commercial world in the eighties with films like *FIRST WAVE: CARMEN*, *PASSION* and the controversial *HAIL MARY*. *WEEKEND* came near the end of his first period, at the height of his 'hippiness', and combines revolutionary film technique with revolutionary political commentary (both serious and satirical). Announcing itself sardonically in the opening titles as being "A Film Adrift in The Cosmos", and "A Film Found On A Dump", the movie is a brutal parody of capitalist society - a road movie for the intelligentsia, with the highways of France representing the decline of civilization.

The film opens with violence, as two motorists fight it out for some reason or other. This sets the scene for the main narrative, which deals with a truly horrendous couple, Corinne and Roland, who are driving to visit her mother. In order to stake their claim in an inheritance. Around this premise, Godard weaves a series of bizarre and disturbing images. The road is one long traffic jam, which Corinne and Roland drive slowly past. Cars lie wrecked on the side of the road. The cause of the jam is a multiple wreck; mutilated bodies lie scattered around, but nobody seems to notice as they drive past.

After a while, the wrecked car is theirs, and they are forced to walk. The roads are strewn with wreckage. The roads are disaster areas - a microcosm of society; apocalypse on asphalt. As our protagonists walk for miles, they find themselves confronted by assorted bizarre characters; Emily Bronte, looking like Alice in Wonderland is beaten and burned to death when she won't give them directions, and they attempt to steal a sports car belonging to a poet in a telephone booth.

Corinne and Roland are totally amoral, and so when they finally arrive at her mother's, and she refuses to part with their cut, it's no surprise that they kill her. On their way home, though, they are kidnapped by a gang of revolutionary cannibals. After a while, Corinne joins them, aka Patty Hearst, and eventually feasts on her own husband...

Godard is making serious points about capitalist society in *WEEKEND*, but unlike in his later films, he doesn't bother the viewer about the head with The Message. Rather, he uses satire (when their car crashes, Corinne's main concern is the loss of her Hermes handbag), mixed with violence that still has considerable impact today. The images of devastation that are found along every road in the film are not easy to forget. But Godard softens the blows to our sensibilities by constantly reminding us that this is a Film: the couple continually state that reality has no bearing on the events taking place, because, after all, they are only characters in a movie.

WEEKEND is funny, shocking and intelligent - not a bad combination. Admirers of the great director will need no further encouragement to check this out (and if you haven't seen it for a few years, this is the ideal opportunity to re-familiarise yourself with it); and even if Godard is not to your usual taste, you may well find that this film is a revelation.



MAN BEHIND THE SUN:AN EDUCATION FILM

David Slater

This astonishing, hard-hitting movie could have come from nowhere other than the far east. Often mistakenly classed as a mondo movie it is a dramatic reconstruction of events during WW2 when the Japanese army infiltrated China.

What occurred was a small scale version of the Nazi holocaust where the Chinese citizens and western prisoners were subjected to appalling and pointless experiments. Japanese youths were brought to the camps, brainwashed into despising the prisoners and seeing them, not as human beings, but simply pieces of firewood or "maruta", disposable items to be used for whatever purpose their superior captors can imagine. The priority of one particular camp is to develop a virus for use in primitive bacterial warfare. The intention is to infect flees, seal them in ceramic pots and drop these "bombs" behind enemy lines. But time is limited as the Japanese armies are losing ground in conventional battles and the doctors at the camps are constantly losing maruta and having the increasingly difficult task of replenishing their stocks.

What is shocking about the film is not only the subject matter - undisclosed until recently - but the unflinching eye of the camera as the experiments are reproduced in extreme detail. A woman and child strapped to a trolley are wheeled into a glass walled gas chamber, observers take notes as they slowly perish; another woman, who's baby was buried in the snow as she and others were herded into the camp, is subjected to an excruciating frost-bite experiment; a ten year-old deaf mute is eviscerated during a live autopsy. In the latter sequence it appears a body-double was used in the literal sense. No latex replica this, as the doctors slice, cut and remove valuable pre-pubescent organs. Such scenes are obviously what give it the mondo nom de plume but it no more mondo than say, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST or CANNIBAL FEROX. Yet MAN BEHIND THE SUN lacks the fictional safety-valve of the former and the synthetic sensationalism of the latter.

It is difficult to determine the reason for making such a film. It is certainly no box-office winner, yet neither propaganda nor exploitation. It is more akin to an educational movie than any other genre. Unlike the abundant "Iest we forget" Nazi holocaust movies and documentaries, this is more a "but look what happened to us" statement filmed with such intensity that you certainly won't forget.

CRAZY GUYS

David Kerekes



A friend of mine on a fishing trip through Europe told me of his short stay in a little town outside Brussels. It was dusk, he told me, and it was beginning to get cold. He found a quite spot and set up his patch by the side of a river. Here, wrapped up in waterproofs, he would sit all through the night and fish. About an hour had passed when a middle-aged woman approached. She came over and announced to my friend that she had been watching from the first house across the way, and had brought him a Thermos flask of tomato soup because it was going to be a cold night. The two of them chatted briefly. She told him that this was a nice place to fish but to be careful of the crazy guys. She said the crazy guys roam the night causing havoc. Once, they picked up a

fisherman not far from here and threw him in the river; "I don't know why they do it, they just do it," she said. Thanks for the soup and the warning, my friend said.

This is the first time I heard the expression, 'Crazy Guys.' Sure, I had seen crazy guys before - quite often actually - but it wasn't until this story that I realised just how large the legion of the crazy guys was. The Crazy Guys are everywhere, they really are, and while many of them do look crazy, many more just look like ordinary Joes. Yes, it all began to fall into place. It's a conspiracy against normality; every stranger looks relatively normal until they go and do something crazy and in public.

The Crazy Guys don't restrict themselves to merely throwing fishermen into rivers, either. Most tend to be pretty harmless, happy just to make a spectacle of themselves to the delight/embarrassment of others. Some don't even do this, and remain - well - quietly crazy.

My most recent encounter with a Crazy Guy was at a local train station. I was standing there on the platform, waiting for the 10.15 into Manchester when I saw him: a bald-headed man, sucking away on a cigarette. He looked just like everyone else, until he jumped off the platform onto the rail tracks and began to walk across the lines to the platform opposite. My train arrived and I got on. OK, so not particularly memorable, I know, but a couple of days later I saw the same guy again at the train station. Again he crossed the tracks. He was wearing a large overcoat, sort of stooped as he walked and he mumbling to himself as he went along. This particular Crazy Guy became a common sight. I would see him most every time I went to the train station - the funny thing is, it wouldn't necessarily be the same station; he just seemed to be there already, or on his way in or on his way out. Stooping. Cigarette. Mumbling. Had I actually ever seen him board a train, I thought?

Public transport is always a safe bet for encountering the Crazy Guys. They are invariably drawn to public transport like Bank Holiday revellers to a seaside town. Perhaps it's the promise of a captive audience that draws them, or maybe it's the feeling that they have some control over their destiny - or destination. Whatever the reasons, trains, buses and even aeroplanes are guaranteed to come up the crazy goods. Here's another one:

The whistle had gone and the train was about to pull out of the station. In the distance, echoing through the station, I could hear a

voice shouting. Someone was running for the train - it was that kind of urgency - or so it seemed. The train had already begun to pull out, but as the shouting was getting closer and the urgency more demanding, the train lurched to a halt again. I could imagine the face of the driver then, as from the stairs emerged - not a thankful, exhausted business person or the like, but - a gangling young man screaming on the top of his voice, "TOWN'S BEEN BOMBED!" The man got on the train - my carriage, of course, "TOWN'S BEEN BOMBED!" he repeated and pointed at me, "TOWN'S BEEN BOMBED - AND IT WAS YOU!" He paused for a second, then decided, "No it wasn't," and moved further down the carriage. I watched him go: he stopped at every other passenger with his announcement and accusation. And all through the journey, with each new passenger who got into this carriage, he would declare on the top of his voice that, yes indeed, "TOWN'S BEEN BOMBED!" Each commuter boarded the car with an expression of sheer terror.

Nor was there any evidence of an explosion when I got into town.



Of course, trains are also great for lesser craziness, like those guys who collect used and discarded matchsticks, for instance, saving them all up in a tobacco tin; or those who insist on taking photographs of trains and jotting down the numbers as they pass by...

Similarly, buses and bus stations are itching with weird behaviour. One crazy bus stop guy I encountered, had a shopping bag with him...

It was raining and dark. The bus must have been fifteen minutes late already, when into the shelter came this guy wearing an anorak and carrying a shopping bag - he was the fattest fucker I had ever seen in my life. "Scuse me," he wheezed, "what time's the next bus?" I told him it was already late

and should be here anytime now. He slumped against the bus shelter. "oh." A minute or two later, he came over again and asked, "S'cuse me, what time's the next bus?"

OK, I thought, maybe he doesn't remember too good and I gave him the benefit of the doubt, and the exact answer as before. He slumped against the shelter.

Well, the bus still hadn't arrived and Crazy Fat Guy looked like he might cry. But he didn't and began to rummage around inside his plastic bag. He pulled out a sponge finger with icing and started to eat it. When he had gotten through that, he rummaged around in his bag again, pulling out a bun this time. He took a couple of bites from the bun, then dropped it to the floor. This continued right up until the bus finally did arrive: the guy rummaging through his shopping bag, taking from it a different cake each time, having a bite or two, then dropping it to the floor.

The floor of the shelter was littered with wrappers and part-eaten cakes when a woman joined us in our bus waiting. "Excuse me," she asked the Crazy Fat Guy, "when's the next bus?"

On another occasion, I was riding the bus home. There were maybe half a dozen people on board, mainly old women in headscarves having a chin-wag - and one old black guy sitting behind me, on his own at the back. Well, it was a hot day and I had the window open. I think the heat must have triggered something, because all of a sudden someone piped up behind me with "REPENT! DE LORD IS COMIN'!" I furrowed my brows. What, I thought? There's no one behind me but an old guy on his own. The old ladies' banter ceased in mutual puzzlement. Then it came again, "REPENT! DE LORD...IS COMIN'!" I looked round and there he was, the old black guy standing up against the bouncing of the bus as it made its way, all calm and collected. Mmm, I decided, my stop.

So, public places are a bastion of the Crazy Guy movement. But the Crazy Guys don't limit themselves, and they can be found most anywhere in one form or another. Often, they might stop you in the street to bum the price of a cup of tea over and over throughout the day; or they may simply walk round singing loudly to themselves (many folk manage to satiate their nerves by humming un-melodious tunes, which is interesting because I once passed someone in the street who was walking a dog and la le la-ing tunelessly on the top of his voice...).

Not all craziness, however, is relegated to a few unfortunate souls. Many crazy guys are really quite intelligent - and no less crazy because of it.

A couple of years ago, I was in an unfamiliar town, just passing through. I saw a down-and-out sitting cross-legged on the other side of the street. He wore hand-knitted white socks, half-mast jeans, had long straggly hair and a thick, matted beard. His pullover must have been close to unbearable with the sun beating down like it was. I went over to see what the notice was that this guy had placed in front of him, and the pile of books he had beside him.

The notice read: 'Poems Of A Tramp,' and I asked for a look at one of the filmsy, xeroxed booklets. The first page opened with a poem that went:

If you have lost everything
then the world comes to you

I said I'll have two copies, but he wouldn't let me. He said that if I bought two copies I would probably give one away to a friend. He held a booklet and said, "This isn't a present because it is too bitter." He went on, "Take one and read it and perhaps I'll see you again, then you can buy another copy."

His eyes were red and inflamed, and it didn't look as if he had sold enough to even buy himself that cup of tea, yet there was an undeniable weird logic behind what he was saying...even if I didn't necessarily agree with it (for if I did, wouldn't I be as crazy as he was, and sitting right along side him with my own collection of poems?).

This guy's needs must surely come before his principles, I thought, did it matter who bought how many copies of his booklet, or when? Of course, it didn't. Or maybe we're all a little crazy in our own way. For didn't I stay behind for almost a whole day to see whether the mumbling, stooping, cigarette men of the train stations ever actually boarded a train? Is that what determines a crazy guy, something as seemingly innocuous as standing and watching and waiting? I'm not sure, all I remember is going up the stairs to the platform, when I realised that right before me was the platform-hopping Crazy Guy of the train stations. I could hear him mumbling. Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks and spun round to me with, "I'll fuckin' kill 'em, I will. I'll fuckin' kill 'em all. I'll show 'em. Fuckin' kill 'em all." Then he continued on his way. This is the time I decided to stick around the station to see if he boarded a train or not. I stayed there most of the day, occasionally going out to get a bite to eat. I'd come straight back, though, but he'd still be there: crossing the tracks, mumbling and smoking. He never looked my way, or at anything in particular. And he never did get on a train, either. Have I gone crazy? Am I being watched now as a Crazy Guy?

NEEDLES RIP MY FLESH:AN INTERVIEW WITH PATRICK THE BODY PIERCER

Nick Abrahams

NICK ABRAHAMS: Where do the origins of piercing lie?

PATRICK: I believe that piercings go back to the time when man wore a bone through his nose or ear. The bulk of early piercings were done for a composite reason; firstly a macho thing; secondly a warlike thing, where a man with a bone through his nose or tusks would appear to be intimidating to his opposition, it wasn't necessarily religious...the religious thing is more of a penance than anything else, more than visual. In my own experience in South Africa, where I remember going to the Hindu ceremonies each year where they would do the fire walking and the pulling of these chariots, hooks with green coconuts dangling from them. That sort of thing was all a penance, thanking a local



deity for having spared a life or something similar and it was something a person would do for many years, not just a one off - a one off didn't mean very much. The same with some of the Christian sects in South America especially there are instances of people being crucified on Good Friday, where you'll get anything up to 150 people being crucified for an hour or more if they can handle it. Again it was the length of time spent on the cross which was important.

NA. They still do that?

P. Oh yes, absolutely. Some of the North American Indians would pierce themselves to be suspended by the piercings.

NA. Like Fakir...

P. Fakir did it originally, and this is part of Jason's (who recently had two rods pierced through his chest) idea. So from a religious point of view, there is no single reason for piercings. A rite of passage - in some Arabic countries a male would have a ring put through his scrotum - what they call a Hofade. Again it was partly cultural, partly religious, partly sexual and also partly visual. The courage part being the cultural part of it proving ones manhood - the actual pain of it is nothing. It really is a damned painless piercing. I could do it with my eyes closed. But to someone who has never had a piercing, or who sees piercing as horrendous, as I used to...when I saw a punk with a safety pin through his nose, I used to think, "God, how can anyone do a thing like that to themselves," until you do it and realise how little there is to it. It's really a nothing thing.

NA. Why do you think it's such a sub-cultural thing then?

P: Because people don't realise how little there is to it. As with tattoos, it's a rite of passage thing - "My mate's got one and he's a big deal, so I must have one so I can be a big deal as well." I think that only 30% of tattoos are for decorative purposes, 60% are because "my mate's got one" and 10% are "don't know, it just seemed like a good idea at the time".

NA: Oh dear, I fall into that category. But when I had mine done, they weren't that painful, but they gave me a psychological lift for quite some time.

P: Absolutely - I'm looking at a tattoo on my forearm which took 6 hours to do in a very intense area and after 3 hours I'd had more than enough and after 6 hours I thought, "This is bloody stupid" - and I still think it was bloody stupid, but I'm not unhappy with it. The reasons I had my tattoos done

was "It seemed like a good idea at the time" and I was a tattooist at the time, I mean, how can you be a tattooist and not have tattoos? To this day I have no regrets of any of my tattoos, but would I have them done again? Who knows - and to be quite honest with you - who cares? It's not really that important.

NA: How do you learn crafts like tattooing and piercing?

P: Literally the hard way...My first piercing was on a guy after we'd both had a couple of beers and he conned me into it in the end, I whacked a needle through his nipple and it didn't hurt him too much. The pain and suffering came when I pulled the needle out and stuck the ring in behind it and pulled it through. Not using a hollow needle, I just used an ordinary needle, and I thought he was going to tear my head off until he took one look at what I'd done and he was so impressed, I mean he was raving about it. It was on a Sunday, and on the Wednesday his pal came in and had it done as well and that's when I thought, "Now's the time to find out more about this."

I got hold of some of the old videos which showed some of the people like Sebastian (London's most respected piercer) doing it, and that's where I started. And years later that's how I still carry on, it's sort of Q.B.E. - Qualified By Experience.

The most important quality is to set standards one wanted to achieve, and my standard was to be as good as Sebastian, and it was a damned difficult standard to set because Sebastian doesn't have standards he works to, Sebastian is those standards. He lives them. One can do the same and reach his level psychologically. When I say psychologically, I mean one's attitude towards piercing. These attitudes are that he will do the very best job he can and to be as gentle as he possibly can, and to be caring, and to have responsibility afterwards towards that person, and to give the very best at all times. I've gone a step further in that I believe that I must be available 7 days a week, day and night to people, so that if they have a problem I must be available.

It's also a question of not being an egomaniac. There are times when I'm very angry about what someone has done to a piercing, but you can't pass that on - they just want to know what they should do. You're there for their benefit, they're not there for yours.

Unfortunately, in the tattooing world, there are so many egomaniacs floating around - when you listen to them talk, in no other business would they succeed, because people wouldn't put up with it. And with the coming of more

and more of the new school tattooist in the business, a lot of the old school tattooists, who had this incredible personality defect, treating people like shit, are finding business hard to come by. People don't like being treated like shit, even by people who are that good.

We find the same thing in piercing. There are a lot of people who can stick a needle through somebody. That's no big deal. No aftercare, no consideration for that person - either they're getting their rocks off on it sexually themselves, or they're doing it purely for the few pounds they can put in their pocket. There is no conviction in what they do.

And I do it for money, make no mistake, but having said that I do believe I give full value for money. I'd have a conscience problem if I didn't. And I'm not cheap - In fact I sincerely hope I'm the most expensive in the land, giving the best service in the land. In Britain there are really 3 piercers who I have time for, and there's one in Holland who I think is excellent.



NA: So what makes the difference between a good and bad piercer?

P: Position. Secondly, the way that the piercing has been put in, giving the minimum amount of trauma to the part of the body being pierced. The aftercare which takes place and also the health and hygiene of the actual piercing itself. Then on top of it

all, the state of mind of the person at the time of being pierced appears to make a difference. If the person is agitated and under pressure you appear to have more problems than if the person is relaxed and treats that piercing as though he'd had it all his life and just has respect for it. Again, that person knows how to look after it and doesn't go shoving it up an infected area of someone else's anatomy and not cleaning it off afterwards probably.

NA: How did you go about Jason's chest piercing.

P: It was a first for Britain so we based our knowledge on an article by Fakir Mustapha and then I worked on the actual piercing with Sebastian, with a doctor present at all times. Then I had to rely on my knowledge of piercing as to where the best place for the piercing would be.

We marked it up, photographed it, then went back to a friend of ours, a doctor, and went over the best way to go about it. Then Sebastian and I performed the actual piercing together. For Jason it was very much a conviction thing.

NA: Why do people want piercings?

P: As many people as are pierced, that's probably the number of reasons. To an individual it takes a hell of a step to walk through my door and to say, "Here I am, I don't really know you but I trust you, and do what I want you to do to my body.". I would also go so far as to say that that sort of courage is an uncommon courage because there are a lot of people out there who would love to be pierced but cannot find that courage.

NA: How many people are pierced?

P: I think there must be about 3000 Prince Alberts (a form of genital piercing) walking around Britain, maximum. Nipple piercings, probably 10,000 people. But in a country of 54/56 million people that's a very small percentage. In the last year I'd estimate I've pierced about 1000 people, 3 or 4 people a day - it's very very few taken countrywide considering that I am the most prolific piercer in the country at the moment.

NA: Is it often a case of re-piercing?

P: Yes, often it is. But I'd say that percentage-wise probably 15% are people coming back for more.

NA: Do you ever refuse a piercing?

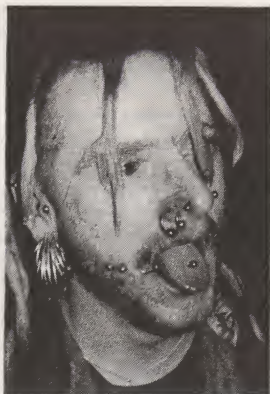
P: If a little girl came in off the street and said "I want my throat pierced", the answer is "No way". There are also a lot of piercings, such as the throat, which reject. A lady came in and asked me to pierce her throat and I told her it would reject, and sure enough, after 6 weeks, it did. But she was happy enough to have had the experience.

Approximately 60% of my clients are from the S/M community - a fairly popular piercing is to have a Prince Albert and a Gulche and one is then able to padlock the Prince Albert to the Gulche. The only thing there is that you'd need to rivet the rings in place before you did that.

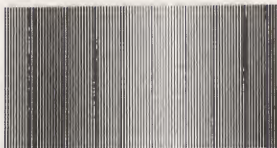


NA: How did the coming of AIDS affect piercing?

P: I don't even bother to ask someone whether they are HIV positive though it's



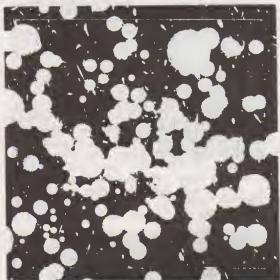
nice if they tell me, it really is since it's obviously a sign of trust. But I take sufficient precautions in the work that I do so I assume everyone who walks through my door is HIV positive, if a person is positive it does not alter my attitude one bit. What it does do however is change the advice I'd give that person on the treatment of the piercing. And the thing that I stress above all else is, now that you've got a piercing go and talk to your G.P. about it. If the G.P. wishes to talk to me, phone me at any time, it's only a pleasure, I'd be happy to give him whatever advice I can. So the person knows that if a rejection does take place there's a slight one in a billion chance that the rejection will trigger full blown AIDS. This is why I think it's a good thing when someone turns around and says "Hey, I'm HIV positive" and I can then discuss it with them from their point of view, not from mine, I'm in the same position as a doctor. But to my knowledge there have only been two cases where it's been proven that needle injuries have passed on AIDS to a doctor in Britain. But of course there's the constant...not fear of AIDS, but knowledge of AIDS, and yes, I could get it tomorrow if I made a mistake. And it's also why I don't rush, why I don't push myself and why I'm expensive. I use the highest possible cleansing materials for my instruments and my premises and working methods are regularly inspected by members of the medical profession. What scares me more



than AIDS is Hepatitis B. That'll live for 9 months in the open air. There are known cases of that being contracted from tattooists in this country but no known cases of Hepatitis being contracted from a reputable piercer. I think you'll find that the reputable piercers are a lot more careful and health conscious than the reputable tattooists. The prime concern in people's minds is not AIDS but "is it clean? Is it sterile?" And that's why we work a sterile field. It's absolutely essential that you do.

NA: I noticed that in MODERN PRIMITIVES Sebastian was not interviewed.

P: If he had been we might have seen what the truth really looked like. I think he can be more abrasive than I can regarding bullshit and piercing. I don't think that any book or video has been produced which doesn't rely on sensationalism. I say let's remove the sensationalism and I'll listen and I'll start to talk.



THE DEATH OF THE WORD:A RANT ABOUT UK WRITING, 14.6.91

Howard Lake

The most important, most vital, aspect of existence is that it should be EXPERIENCE. Without experience, life is drab and lacks meaning. In order to create, you have to FEEL. And the stronger you feel, the more vivid and vital that which you create will be.

Life is cancerous; it's hard to be content. Great writing has a cancer, a disease. Great writing bleeds, opens up wounds and takes the reader beyond the limits of their own personal experience, presents another view. Life has a savage blade, a cutting edge and great writing exists on that edge; exploring the landscape and reporting back its discoveries.

I meet people; writers, that ugly breed and they tell me writing in Britain, 14.6.91 is a closed shop; stitched up by the Oxbridge crowd, the lazy necrophile breed, steeped in classical dogma and inherent snobbery, it's a view I would, in some small way, subscribe to, the academic snobbery is there in the writing game for all to see. Dead words on dead paper pushed by dead hands, but it looks nice, looks nice in a £12.95 hardback edition. These are disgusting, foul writers, still sniffing at the bones of what came before, even though those bones have long been picked white. The pillars of our literary establishment are old men and women and when I say old, I mean it. They are long past their sell-by date; most of them passed it in 1960. They no longer care about writing, only the slow slug-like meander to the next Booker Prize marketing junket, the next professorship, the next time some newspaper canvasses their views on a major issue. So, bring on the young breed, the new breed - glossy hardback editions £12.95 - where do they fit in? Surely it is their task to redefine, destroy even, that which their predecessors held so sacred. But this is not happening, all we are seeing is repetition; the same sanitised, hermetically-sealed safety we saw before. Like popular music, popular writing has died a messy, squelch death.

Is there any more such a thing as passion? That much-maligned word. And what about danger? Or, for that matter, honesty? No writers currently working in this country understand this triumvirate of motivation. We have just emerged from the 1980's, the Safety decade, the Minimal Risk decade, the Smoothing Off The Rough Edges decade. You're reading HEADPRESS, so you know, don't you? You know it is necessary to wade through quagmires of passionless, insipid, artless prose in order to find something half-way

vital or inspirational. But let's not fool ourselves; EEEEE's best passion hands down every time; when money is involved, passion and integrity go out the window...Christ knows, I've done it myself and am still doing it. The sell has it over the soul.

Shall we blame the publishers? Shall we whine and protest that they fail to recognise our 'art'? Sorry, but even publishers, agents of Satan that they are, need to turn the odd buck now and then; the rent must be paid however pure your art may be. What applies to the bricklayer, the accountant and the whore also applies to publishing firms. And here now come the writers from the perimeters, who tell me the establishment refuse to acknowledge their work, taking a perverse pride, smug in their ghetto mentality and warped notions of 'artistic purity'. These writers are more loathsome than the necrophile establishment. They are weak creatures, no fight in them. The strong writer wants to be read, to reach a public as broad as possible. The so-called 'alternative' press too often functions as a boithole for the dispossessed; what British literature really requires are writers with GUTS, PASSION and, whisper it soft, soul...

We need writers who acknowledge there is a world beyond stale, drab conformity; that there exist things more mysterious, more wonderful, exotic, dangerous than is accepted at present. There has to be a way of breaking through from the insular closed world writing currently inhabits into a world of emotion and feeling where sensuality, anger, lust, violence, love and beauty collide. Writing should participate in life, not merely reflect it. What we have seen over the last fifty years is a gradual squeezing out of all that threatens. Few bother to write with feeling now. What's the point? Who will ever read it? The public are unused to confrontation, the critics even more so, we all shy away from feeling; it makes us feel awkward, embarrassed, self-conscious. Honesty is a word long extinct in the vocabulary of the average British writer.

Maybe you're wondering what this is doing in a magazine like this; why do I have to read this when I could be looking at something cool about bizarre sex? There is no reason, no reason at all, except that information and ideas are vital to life. Without ideas, life would grind to a full-stop. Nuclear armageddon will not destroy civilisation as we know it; ignorance and a lack of passion and soul could do that very nicely, thank you. It's not so much a question of what a book can do for you, rather what you can do for books. Think about it next time you think about buying a novel from WH Smith (head terminator for UK writing) or eagerly await the winner of this year's Booker Prize,

FATALITY ATTRACTIONS

David Slater

Life is a valued commodity. Death is the end product we all reluctantly await. Yet this final inevitability has an odd attraction, an urgent desire to unravel its mysteries in our allotted duration before we become an unwilling participant. Being civilised, death is something you don't discuss, not unless you're morbid or warped. It still lingers in taboo territory slotted in a sleazy alcove alongside sex, its ironic that sex itself needed a fatal disease to make it more acceptable to the media. Condoms are no longer embarrassing items courtesy of death.

There is a strange curiosity in us all to witness the morbid, like getting a sneak preview of death. Seeing others perish makes us conscious of how fragile we actually are. I became personally aware of this fact when I was about ten years old. I was playing in the garden, throwing flies into spider webs, when a turbo-prop airliner skimmed the roof of the house. There was a pause of silence followed by a thunderous explosion that shook the windows. I heard my dad say, "That's come down," and I was off, lifting the latch on the gate and running in the direction of the rising smoke plume, pausing only to tie the trailing lace of my shoe. I scurried down the cobbly passage and took a daring short-cut through the rows of asbestos garages where the crazies would often loiter in shadowy corners and indulge in mutual masturbation. I scrambled through head-high weeds, avoiding the stinging nettles and sending clouds of airborne seeds into the sunny sky. A breach in the stone wall gave me access to the road and my first view of the crash site.

As I ran other people were moving in the same direction coming from their houses, out their cars, women pushing prams, dads with toddlers on their shoulders. I was thrilled, excited, even more so when a loud explosion was followed by a sheet of flame and a wing section spiralling into the air. Everybody went "whooooooooo!" as though we were watching a spectacular fireworks display. This was better than going to Blackpool.

The aircraft had come down in a shallow valley by the side of a road. It had taken down the gable of one house. I could actually see the contents of the bedroom, and destroyed a shop on impact. I could hear people screaming, probably survivors trying to scramble from the burning wreck. The screams of the dying infected the growing crowd with a helpless hysteria and the voyeurs began to scream too. A woman, hair in rollers and a towel round her shoulders, began to shout, "My daughter's on that plane, my daughter's on that plane...". I couldn't figure out how she could know that her daughter was on board. The waitings were soon

echoed and eventually drowned by the sound of approaching sirens. Being small I managed to push between the forest of legs and get a front row view. The heat was intense, the twisted plane looked spectacular and colourful. Something man-shaped and ablaze was crawling through the shrubbery spreading fire to the bushes. When it was about 15 metres from the clamour of the wreck it became motionless, curled into a ball of orange flame and burned to ash in privacy. Some people, all red and glistening, were clambering up the banking smouldering in silence. One woman seemed to be knitting with her hands but as she approached I saw she was trying to catch blood dripping from her lower lip that hung from the base of her chin like a sheep's tongue. The blood had formed a cats-cradle of clotted strings between her fingers. People were scrambling from the demolished shop clouded in plaster dust, victims or rescuers I couldn't tell. Debris could be seen scattered in the undergrowth. Seat cushions, suitcases and cameras and toys and clothes. But was that just a glove? Did that shoe contain something once alive? And that, there, rictus grinning from a clump of oil-flecked dock leaves, a mask surely.

A hand dropped on my shoulder and pulled me back, a voice said "You don't want to see this son," and the man stole my vantage point. But I did want to see, so did he, so did the hundreds of people messing there, so did the photographers and TV camera men. They were merely recording the scene for those who couldn't make the event.

The emergency services soon took control, put out the fire and raked out the dead. The hot-dog stall and ice-cream van arrived and for those who had stayed the course odd shapes of molten metal were handed out as souvenirs. I felt envious when a friend received a still warm chunk.

Once the initial thrill of the occurrence had subsided rumours began to flow from mouths like vomit. Everybody had seen something worse than everybody else; we heard of one victim whose head had been flattened like a pancake between two steel plates; others had been cut in two by their seat belts; someone had been caught leaving the scene with a severed head under his coat; as the plane had lost height the terrified passengers had been throwing their luggage out hoping to keep it airborne. As this story seemed quite feasible we actually went to the woods searching for stuff but found nothing. As we walked home someone told us they had found part of the undercarriage quarter of a mile from the crash site. But by that time we'd had enough of bullshit tales so we didn't bother to investigate.

When I eventually arrived home I noticed the files I had captured had escaped from the Jam-Jar. For a moment I wondered whether, as they flew to freedom, one had paused and screamed out "My daughters in that web, my daughters in that web..."

THE SEX PSYCHEDELIC

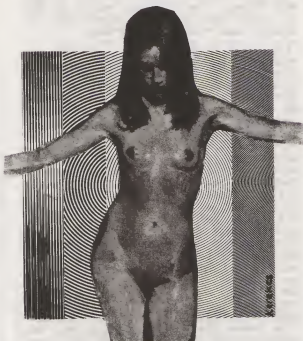
David Kerekes

Pornography on screen is a most peculiar animal. Once you get outside the five or ten minute blue movie shorts, by rights most cinematic hardcore should have rendered itself redundant as pornography. Let's face it, for how long can anyone sit and watch two people making out before wanting something else to happen? About two minutes I'd say - and that's me being generous. The porn shorts have it off to a tee; they know the viewer's attention span and so introduce characters - or rather, the PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO FUCK - into nice, easy scenarios where they - the PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO FUCK - can quickly get heated up and, yes, fuck. This they do for some minutes, then they squirt their stuffs and the movie ends and another porn short begins. Perhaps the next one will have the same PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO FUCK but in a slightly different scenario, but that's OK - the sexual brain is pretty lenient about things like that...so long as the fucking starts soon. Sure enough, it isn't long before that insurance salesman is selling that lovely young miss some of his hot dick, and then they both come and another film winds out.

The feature length porn film is something else entirely. Many of them run for 60, 70 and - godforbid - 80 minutes sometimes. All of which is an agonisingly long time to be expected to sit and watch a small group of individuals swapping and changing sexual partners and flopping their things about, pushing, pulling and prodding as they go. When all is said and done, even though the running time has been pumped up with regard to the blue movie short, the director of the feature length movie has done little to liven up that insurance salesman plot. Feature length porn is, for the most part, a veritable wash of wall to wall thrusting dicks and pouting lips, with dialogue that peaks at: "Ooooo yes you're so big shove that hot dick up my tight pussy I like it up my ass too I'm gonna come fuck me fuck me hard" (or, if Traci Lords is your bag: "Oooooo yes you're so big oooo oh oh OH OH OH UH UH SQUEAK SQUEAK"). It's all so very -uh- vacuous.

Sit yourself down in front of a movie of two people making it. See how the camera sits itself right down with you for that screentful of creamy thigh and beefcake bum cheek? Now watch how everything swings ever-so-slightly in and out of focus as the humping starts - a bit like the billowing curtain at the beginning of David Lynch's BLUE VELVET. It's all equally as surreal. Pretty weird too, is how anyone can get their kicks from watching seemingly endless fleshy swings of focus and find, say, DEATH BED: THE BED THAT EATS or

HONEYMOON HORROR unwatchable. All of them would appear to be way out there on the same subjective limb. Push most any hardcore porn movie into your VCR and chances are that



barely out of the opening credits, you'll be encountering the pulsing swings of fleshy throbs. Needless to say, the swings of focus flow thick and fast hereafter, what with this and the estranged dialogue, it is close to amazing that porn isn't deemed elitist cinema and appreciated by a mere handful of hardcore enthusiasts.

Hardcore porn is locked within the world of the PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO FUCK getting down to it at every available opportunity - which tends not to leave much scope to go beyond the hackneyed dialogue or close-up penetration shot. But what should happen if a film-maker decides to take a different approach, is not from a PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO FUCK perspective and the risible situations they incur, but the other way round: from a hardcore itself perspective - using images of sex and dialogue as a means to channel the players? Well, what happens is that you arrive at an aesthetical affront...just like Joanna Williams' movie, LITTLE GIRLS BLUE,

LITTLE GIRLS BLUE opens to the sight of an erect, straining penis taking up the entire screen - which is a pretty discriminating way to introduce most any type of movie if I may say so. A naked woman walks into shot but remains out of focus, with the camera content to slide up and down the bulbous shaft that kicks in the foreground. An ethereal score accompanies the bizarre image (again, a far cry from the audio pyrotechnics and wild wah-wah gultar shunting that typifies so many skin flicks). The giant cock remains in shot for some time before a second woman is suddenly seen to be giving it head.

Set inside a girls' school - you know, the kind where the pupils look to be knocking on thirty - **LITTLE GIRLS BLUE** continues along in similar bizarre fashion, showing us Debbie sitting in class and dreaming about gorgeous Mr Barrett the history teacher. Debbie's daydream comes alongside a retracing of American history, with her going down on Mr Barrett to accompanying details on Alexander Hamilton and the Federal Government. But it's actually classmate Buffy who gets to make the teacher in real life, when she goes to see him after class in an attempt to improve her doggy grades. Here, in this encounter, **LITTLE GIRLS BLUE** seems about to lapse into a typical porno scenario as Mr Barrett and Buffy lick and fuck to a most apt banal synth score - but the dialogue ("would you lick my baby pussy - my period's almost over?") and the lack of delirious expression when Mr Barrett hits the vinegar stroke, veers the scene into contention. It is at this point that the audience realises director Williams - a woman, gosh - is accentuating the inherent weird phenomenon of the porn movie by reticence; stripping the characters and situation of what the audience has come to expect by way of stereotypical dialogue and

LITTLE GIRLS BLUE, however, goes all out for sex psychedelics with the movie's next coital encounter. Coach Fowler the gym teacher sits watching his girls playing netball. One girl in particular, Marium, catches his eye and before you know it, the playing fields have turned into an expanse of blueness; Marium is naked but for her blue ankle socks, blue hair ribbon and blue eye make-up; and the blue ball she is twirling is going round in slow motion. Marium is then sitting on the ball and telling you, the viewer, to suck her nipples and pussy - "so hot and wet" - when suddenly POPI - the ball bursts and she is sitting on a penis. Like the opening sequence, the man's face remains unseen; only his guttural exasperations punctuate the soundtrack, turned up unnaturally loud as they are. When Marium sees another blue ball rolling past, she loses interest with the dick and goes after that instead.

Back in netball practice, Coach Fowler tells Marium to see him after class. It seems she too is having difficulty with her classwork. Later, Coach Fowler leans over and suggests, "Let's try it like this", and begins to draw mathematical symbols in her exercise book. But reality shifts again into fantasy and a topless Marium is seen to wander over the symbols in the book announcing, "I don't think I'll ever get it, I try and try, but I just can't get it". Then Coach Fowler too is in the book. Marium turns to him with, "I don't know what to do...my pussy is all wet and it keeps tingling". More dreamy sexual antic follow.

It is only really towards the end of the movie that Williams brings into effect the actual fleshy throbs of In/out focus. This is when Kathy and Debbie sneak out of school to go on a date. Debbie is in the back of her date's car, while Kathy is getting two up in a barn round the corner. Again, it looks as though **LITTLE GIRLS BLUE** is about to tread the well worn porn path to climax with these encounters. However, such aspersions are quickly dispelled as the camera begins to wave over, around and between the heaving bodies in an all-too obvious pastiche of porno filming. At times the images become a flesh blur, but it is when the soundtrack comes into effect that the sequence reaches its ruminative state proper. With the car radio playing doo-wop tunes and crickets chirping in the night - all to a particularly assertive accompaniment of sighs, groans and slurping/slopping sounds - the sequence blends together like the hissing of wind through the leaves in the trees.

The final sexadelic scenario in **LITTLE GIRLS BLUE** is of a more visual nature. Coach Fowler once again is after Marium, in a scam set up by Debbie who wants a real "dick between my legs". Fowler receives a bogus note requesting that he should come to Marium in her room that night. Of course, when he gets



expression, OK, so few few people might say "Ooooo yes you're so big shove that hot dick up my tight pussy I like it up my ass too I'm gonna come fuck me fuck me hard" in real life, but even fewer say "would you lick my baby pussy - my period's almost over" in porn movies, and that's what matters.

DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

Charlotte Brown

(The following are excerpts culled from a genuine career manual, published in 1978....)

With this small booklet we comply with many requests to summarize the articles of Mr Hill in the VDI-NEWS.

May this booklet be a helpful companion piece for job applications and furthering your career.

There are rules that most potential employers expect you to follow when applying for a job. To neglect these rules will result in your job application being deemed "not suitable", and only one violation might be a 'deadly sin'.

The Deadly Sins Of Application

More than 50 per cent of all job applications which are classed as 'unsuitable' contain previous careers that exhibit no promotion potential. These applicants are without any market value.

Letters written on squared paper never give the impression of an applicant with stature.

Never leave any periods of time unexplained in your CV or resume, you could give the impression that you have something to hide.

Photos, 'with dog in front of fireplace' spell catastrophe in a job application.

The way to the top is often a merciless one-way struggle; he who falls will be eliminated. This is to warn those who are doubting or hesitant.

Changing Your Company

Especially difficult for a man of about 40. He knows that he has to be successful in the next 5/8 years. His changes have the tendency to be hectic and over-hasty.

Missing talents are not your fault, but deadly for your career.

Leisure Activities

Literature: read successful authors.

Test Your Market Value

Making money: you don't need to go round making wedding proposals to discover whether you could have another girl other than your wife...

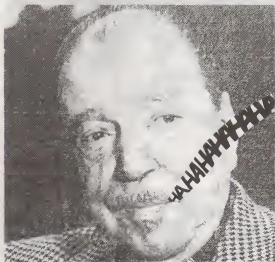
The Wife

He who wants to make a career is not allowed to show any weak points. Your own wife could be a weak point.

There are examples of men who were pushed by their extremely ambitious wife to take duties that were absolutely beyond their capabilities.

A social event 'with ladies' at your boss' house might be the premature end to your career if your wife makes a bad impression on him, or what is worse, on her.

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NEKROMANTIK 2:THE INHUMAN PRESENTATION OF VIOLENCE,
GERMANY'S MOST WANTED FILM MAKER AND MONIKA M

David Kerekes



Ever since *HOT LOVE* (1985), each new movie from Jorg Buttgerelt has been greeted with a resounding cheer here at *HEADPRESS*. Why? Because, without a doubt, Buttgerelt remains one of cinema's true visionaries - he is a horror film auteur, do you know how rare that is? In the short span between the clinical callousness of *NEKROMANTIK* (1987) through to the flow of consciousness of *DER TODESKING* (1989), Buttgerelt has proven that his filmmaking is liable to fly off at a whim: at once unflinching in its moments of downright straight-faced bad taste, while all the time maintaining a palpable lyricism. OK, so maybe his maverick way sometimes flops right back into his face, but he has never pulled away from taking chances or experimenting in film, and this alone is laudable enough - the fact that many of the chances do pay off however ought to pull Buttgerelt out of the underground and into the big league. But it's not easy to do that with a director who

insists on putting his hand to movies about mutant babies, necrophilia and suicide.

What's more, Buttgerelt's latest movie, *NEKROMANTIK 2*, has been seized by the Munich police after an initial cinema run of just 12



days. **HEADPRESS** took the release of a new movie and this peculiar turn of events as an ideal time to speak to the director. Not only that, but we also managed to land an exclusive interview with Monika M., **NEKROMANTIK 2's** leading lady.

In the light of the current fiasco surrounding **NEKROMANTIK 2** in Germany, and the fact that it may yet mysteriously disappear from the face of the earth in all but name and notoriety, we think it pertinent to print a concise synopsis...

Someone is skulking around a graveyard; someone with long red painted fingernails, a black figure hugging skirt - cropped just above the knee - and a nice line in black shoes and stockings. And whoever it is has brought along a shovel. Not your typical gravedigger, surely? Why, those fingernails would never last. No, not your typical gravedigger...This is Monika. She's after fucking a corpse.

Neither is this just any graveyard. This is where Rob, the luckless necrophile from the original **NEKROMANTIK**, can be found, six feet under. And after an initial black and white flashback to Rob's climatic suicide in that movie, **NEKROMANTIK 2** picks up exactly where the original left off: with a shovel sinking deep into Rob's not-so-final resting place.

Monika has seen reports in the tabloids with regard to Rob's nefarious activities with pickled body parts and his colourful demise (he stabbed himself to death with a kitchen knife while menaging an orgasm to end all orgasms). She's into that kind of thing, and

so is drawn into meeting Rob personally, it doesn't matter that he should be dead.

Cut to Mark, running for a bus. Mark earns his crust by doing voice-overs and sound effects for porno movies. But that's enough of him...Back at her flat, Monika kisses Rob and strips him of his clothes. His body is discoloured with a gelatinous film that clings to Monika as she touches it. She strips off herself, sliding first out of her 'Monroe on the pathology slab' T-shirt, and straddles the dead chest, lovingly caressing the corpse between her legs. There is a drawing by Karen Greenlee - the real life 'unrepentant necrophile' - adoring the wall behind her. Despite Monika grinding away on her new love, she is unable to climax before having to rush to the bathroom and fetch. It seems that the spirit is willing but the body is weak. Monika finds it more palatable to dress Rob up in new clothes and take snaps together, cuddling him on the living room settee.

Mark, on a date, looks to have been stood up outside the local cinema. After a lengthy wait, he offers his spare ticket to a stranger on her own. It just so happens that the stranger is Monika and this chance meeting is about to change Mark's life. The couple arrange to meet again, and - on a trip to the fun fair - with ice creams and rides on the ghost train - the couple kiss. But all the while, Monika can't shake the image of her sweetheart Rob, and his discoloured, disfigured, deceased face. Back at her apartment, in an attempt to live a normal life with a real life boyfriend, Monika decides it's high time to get rid of Rob's corpse. Tearfully, she gives him a last gelatinous kiss, then hacksaws him to bits and puts him into bin bags. After a brief contemplative interlude before dumping the bags, Monika decides that she must keep a souvenir of such a beautiful relationship...well, two souvenirs actually: one, a severed head, and two, a rather weary-looking withered penis (which she puts on a dish, covers with clingfilm and keeps in the fridge). Now, she can get on with her life...

Monika is showing Mark her photo album. In it are lots of pictures of deceased relatives and photos of caskets. The couple end up making love. The soundtrack is that of Mark doing the voice-over and sound effects for porno movies. Monika has to get on top and pin Mark's arms down like he's dead or something to reach any kind of fulfilment, but she ends up greatly dissatisfied by the whole experience, anyway. Later, she will have a funny dream in which she is singing a song. Mark, on the other hand, will find the penis-on-a-dish in the fridge - but doesn't say anything to Monika.

Monika throws a video party for some girlfriends who have equally lurid tastes.



Mark and Monika

The video they are watching is that of the autopsy of a seal. The girls pass sandwiches and chocolates round during the feature, and on the table is Rob's disembodied head. But an unexpected visit from Mark with a pizza takeaway brings the party to an premature end; has Monika quickly hiding the head; and the other girls leave. Intrigued, Mark talks Monika into playing him some of the movie they were watching - and flips out when she does, leaving her with the denouement "...it's totally perverse to watch this for fun" (should have guessed with the dick in the fridge, eh, Mark?).

What is she to do? Monika couldn't make it with Rob because he was too dead, and she can't make it with Mark because he's too alive. It takes a long stroll on the beach for Monika to come up with a solution. What is required is a happy medium: she prepares Rob's head back at her apartment and gives Mark a reconciliatory telephone call...all of which leads nicely into NEKROMANTIK 2's closing bloodbath.

The following interview was conducted soon after NEKROMANTIK 2's Munich confiscation. Not yet on the run, we have no trouble in finding Jorg Buttgerelt - along with assistant director Frenz Rodenkirchen - ready to answer some questions.

OK Jorg, how does it feel to be 'Germany's most wanted film-maker'?

"I'm not sure how to feel. At the moment, I'm afraid of a police raid. But I'm not really proud of it, if that's what you mean".

About NEKROMANTIK 2 being seized: what happened exactly?

"I had just come back from Paris doing some business the KARA-FILMS over there, a small company who are going to distribute the first NEKROMANTIK in France - they already threw some Fulci films and a couple of porno things onto the market. Anyway, I got back to Berlin and was greeted by the brutal truth that a print of NEKRO 2 was being seized by the law in Munich. After a fabulous 12 day run, these guys just burst into the projection room and seized the film. The disappointed audience had to watch BLOOD FEAST instead. Poor souls!"

What's happening now?

"Nothing whatsoever. They still have our film print. We contacted an attorney who advised us to keep silent as long as no-one is directly pressing charges against us. Should it come to it, then our defence in court would be handled by our attorney, maybe supported by some expert statements about the artistic merits of the film".

The merits of corpse fucking art, eh?

"Right. It seems that we are glorifying violence in NEKRO 2. That was the objection -

especially the final scene where Monika cuts off Mark's head while making love".

How does the seizure of your movie bode for the rest of the German underground film industry?

"There may be a handful of German underground movies, but no 'Industry'. Actually, to speak of any kind of 'Independent scene' would be a gross exaggeration. Manfred (Jellinski, Buttgerelt's producer to date) has just put out a video sampler of independently produced short films to save them from obscurity. That's about it. There's really little support from 'official institutions'".



Buttgerelt applying a final touch

Interesting to note is that film censorship - sorry, classification - in Germany runs an unhealthy parallel to that which is to be found operating in Britain. Film companies in Germany are currently engaged in the re-submission of movies for certification under tighter sex and violence guidelines. Some titles, like FRIDAY THE 13th and HALLOWEEN (I) for instance, have already been excised from video catalogues completely and are now no longer obtainable.



Movies are not required by law to be submitted for certification, but if they're not and are found to be obscene (ie should somebody kick up a stink), then - as Buttgerelt points out - "something serious could happen". Was **NEKROMANTIK 2** being seized as a result of this tighter legislation on sex and violence? After all, the original **NEKROMANTIK** was hardly going to win many friends down at the local Freiwillige Selbst Kontrolle office, yet that wasn't seized.

"I think the original **NEKRO** slipped through the net due to relative obscurity. Now that we're getting more attention, we're also prone to prosecution it seems".

NEKROMANTIK 2 was initially intended to be a movie of 85 minutes but actually comes in at 100. A lengthier print of 111 minutes was shown once at the movie's Berlin premier, then was trimmed of certain "unimportant bits and pieces, no whole scenes".

The movie was shot during the weeks of September and October of last year, and by April '91 the sound and editing were completed. This is the quickest filming of Jorg's to date, which - as Buttgerelt suggests - makes the film a "much more intense experience". Gone, it seems, are the days of **DER TODESKING** and **NEKROMANTIK**, where shooting would take up most every weekend for a whole year; "agonising weekends!" Jorg elaborates.

Considering the original movie's notoriety, was **NEKROMANTIK 2** a difficult sequel to make?

"We decided that the structure of the first **NEKRO** was to be kept, but its content approached from 'the other end'. So, the form

is for easier adjustment, while the contents hopefully tread new ground. We actually had several other plots for **NEKRO 2** which, under close scrutiny, simply seemed to be too much over the top. People just wouldn't be prepared for it, shocking people just for the sake of shock never was, and never is, our intention".

That's interesting because, as with **DER TODESKING** before it, **NEKROMANTIK 2** seems for the most part to be skating around gore...of course when it does come, it comes in buckets: very cathartic, very therapeutic. Are you consciously avoiding the familiar horror movie motifs?

"Gore quantity is not the question. We try to go for impact by way of context, and this might restrict the amount of blood-letting for gore's sake".

If not shocking for the sake of shock, why the seal autopsy which the girls are seen watching on video?

"Ah, the 'Nekro-Gang!' (laughs). The seal autopsy is a means to introduce these new characters, who are to be elaborated on...maybe around **NEKRO VII: THE CORPSE FUCKING HOUSEWIVES IN LOVE**, or something!".

NEKRO VII, eh? Is that an indication of where you would like to take your filmmaking?

"Not so much where we will take our filmmaking as where it will take us (to prison?)! Think about all those fascinating real things happening around us, waiting, wanting to be made into film...".

Why is Mark disturbed by the video and not the dismembered member in the fridge?

"Well, Mark being a polite Englishman, accepts such eerie signs of strangeness without daring to ask".

Are you boys getting at me?

(laughs)

When Mark first meets Monika in **NEKROMANTIK 2**, it is at the cinema where they go to see what is, essentially, a parody of Louis Malle's art house film **MY DINNER WITH ANDRE** (and if they looked carefully into the audience, they'd also see Buttgerelt in cameo). The actual **MY DINNER WITH ANDRE** (1981) is a movie which consists entirely of two friends sitting and philosophising on life for close on two hours. In **NEKROMANTIK 2**'s reworking, the two friends have become a naked man and woman seated outdoors at a kitchen table; they're eating boiled egg after boiled egg. The whole thing is filmed in black and white with grainy film stock...complete with over-exposures and poor lighting for that authentic art house look. The conversation between the two diners ventures no further than ornithology and appears to have little bearing on **NEKROMANTIK**



2 as a whole (other than a circuitous analogy between birds that cannot fly and lovers that cannot get off). Yet this one sequence provides more dialogue than the rest of the movie put together.

What is the fascination with MY DINNER WITH ANDRE, seeing as it is also given a mention in your last picture?

"We always thought that MY DINNER... would be the worst movie experience of all time; watching two people talk for two hours. When we finally got to see it we found that it wasn't boring, or bad. To pay tribute to this fascinating piece of film-making, we had to bow to it in our own special way. A mention wasn't enough and so we 'translated' it (for NEKRO 2) into our own language. Still, will we ever be able to appreciate its full impact on our lives??!"

Is this you 'taking blood to a higher level' then?

"We don't think of art movies being the higher level with us below. But it can only do good to lift blood out of those 'horrors' that still comprise a large part of small budget film-making. Nevertheless, 'blood to a higher level' sounds about right!"

What of the players in NEKROMANTIK 2; I know that Mark Reeder had a bit part in your last feature, but how did you find Monika M?

"We were looking for a main actress through an ad, stating explicitly that it would be a bloody experience. Of those who applied for the role - approximately 40 - we invited the 15 most promising for a screen test, but weren't satisfied at all. For the test, they had to improvise the first love scene with the corpse. Though they were all quite willing, none of them took it as seriously as we did. In frustration, Franz went to the cinema that evening and saw Monika... who seemed to be a promising potential lead because she looked as if she could bring some life onto the screen - call it aura, whatever. So, Franz approached her - as if he was in a bad movie - and it turned out that she was interested and we got along well enough to give it a try. And we think we made a good choice".

Was there anything the cast would simply not do for the sake of art?

"Yes, Mark refused to smoke. Apart from that they had a lot of trust that we wouldn't exploit them. We handled them like raw eggs and they didn't break".

How was it directing Monika and Mark in comparison to Daktari and Beatrice in the first movie?

"First of all, Monika and Mark liked each other, which couldn't be said of 'Rob' and 'Betty'. And after two films, people are more

willing to believe in me than they were the first time round".



Rob. Nekromantik 2

Beatrice M., however, does make an appearance in NEKROMANTIK 2; a cameo in which she returns to Rob's grave with a shovel, only to find that the grave is empty and somebody has already beaten her to the corpse.

"I accidentally met Beatrice at the Prince glg in Berlin. She's acting in a Bavarian TV series, but she's disappeared again and I don't even have her address or number".

What does she make of the success of NEKROMANTIK and her part in it?

"I didn't ask her about it and she didn't mention it".

Some critics might say of NEKROMANTIK 2 that it's a movie for women, what with the central character being such a strong, positive female. Could it be, though, that you are merely fuelling fantasy for the men in the audience in having beautiful women making out with corpses?

"Women are victims in most films and this kind of cliché - and treatment - does not find...er...our approval. It doesn't help to reinforce something that is long due for a change. **NEKRO 2** was the film of ours that the female audience liked best. We are unable to avoid the possibility that male viewers may 'use' the film differently than intended and we wouldn't have wanted to avoid that anyway. After all, we're men who can only sympathise with a male point of view. You might call the final scene 'man-hating' or catering to the needs of male masochists or female sadists, radical feminists, whatever, but we think the film has to be judged as a whole and that way avoid these one-sided interpretations. But, all in all, women seem to like this film more than men".

NEKROMANTIK 2 is a much warmer viewing experience than the original film. It harkens back to the director's early days of filmmaking: full of coy humour and absurdity. Why, you can almost hear Buttgerelt laughing to himself from behind the camera, as Mark and Monika wander around the funfair within clear shot of the Ghost Train and it's skeleton peddling a push-bike, or the man with popping out ears and a big nose...

"My intention was to have a real warm main actor and actress you can care about, who guide you through the movie. That's one reason we chose Monika. Nearly everyone on the set fell in love with her during shooting. And maybe that 'warm' feeling is still in the frames. It was very important to me that the audience is on Monika's side, even with her doing these terrible things. And you're right - the whole love scene in the funfair is a tribute to **HOT LOVE**, my old days. Sob".

NEKROMANTIK 2 is certainly a more comfortable viewing experience than the first movie, but is that such a good thing?

"It's a warm movie, but think about what really happens in the film - it's not such a friendly movie at all. We had some screenings in the 'new' East German cities and the audience cursed us for making such a film. 'You are sick!', they told us! Maybe the movie comes over as more optimistic because I don't have the feeling that I need to grab the audience's attention anymore. A critic here - a woman - wrote in a serious newspaper that 'I'm getting wiser after my raw experiments in film!'.
Did she say that with a serious interpretation of what **NEKROMANTIK 2** is really about?

"Thank God, no".

A couple of days after speaking to Jorg Buttgerelt, **HEADPRESS** secured a meeting with Monika M., **NEKROMANTIK 2**'s attractive, very charming leading lady. Quite a scoop actually, as Monika had refused all interviews with everyone else to date. Still, being the jovial and good-natured sort we are here at **HEADPRESS**, Ms. M. was only too happy to oblige in this instance...

Monika, apparently you were approached quite out of the blue for the lead part in **NEKROMANTIK 2**...

"That was a funny thing. the classic way of being discovered!"

In your own words, what happened?

"About a year back, I was visiting a so-called 'long horror movie night' where three or four movies were being shown. I left the cinema after the second film, when suddenly a guy stopped me and apologised for doing so. This was Franz. He explained that Jorg and himself were looking for a person to play the female lead character in their new movie".

Mmm...a total stranger. No reservations?

"(laughs) My first reaction was to refuse the offer 'cause I thought he was kidding. Then after talking a while, we exchanged telephone numbers and I promised to think about it and call the next day. We arranged a meeting with Jorg. They explained the script to me and gave me the video of **NEKRO 1**. Two or three days later we met for a casting...and that's it".

Were you familiar with Jorg's work before this encounter?

"I didn't know **NEKROMANTIK**, but I saw **DER TODESKING** half a year ago and liked it a lot".

So this is your first work in a movie, full stop?

"Yes. Before this I never even thought about acting in a film. Since the movie has been out, I've had two other offers to play in films - both are crime stories".

How do you feel about the completed movie?

"Well, I recognise a lot of things which I would have done differently if I were to do it again. For example, the character of Monika should have been worked out a little more maybe, so that the spectator has a better possibility to understand what it is she is doing. For a movie of this length, there should have been more dialogue too, which is difficult because none of the players is an educated actor and speaking in the correct way is much more difficult than just...er... doing something in front of the camera. But anyway, I like the movie because of its great sense of humour, and I think the topic it deals with is important 'cause it tries to show what is called 'perversion' is



really only a definition made by our civilization and is deeply influenced by Christianity and the church".

You have quite strong feelings about this. How do you feel now that **NEKROMANTIK 2** has been seized in Munich?

"That's quite a scandal! I don't want anyone to tell me what I have to watch in the cinema - least of all a 'square' public prosecutor!".

The conversation turns toward public prosecutors and how long it is since I heard anyone being referred to as a 'square'. Naturally enough, the subject of corpse-fucking is quick to follow. I ask Monika if she is familiar with real-life necrophilic Karen Greenlee. Why I ask is because, unlike Betty in the original movie, Monika seems to require the presence of a corpse more than she requires the corpse as a lover.

"Yes, I read the interview (in **APOCALYPSE CULTURE**) before we started the movie. I guess what influenced me was the matter of fact manner with which Karen Greenlee talked about her sexuality and what necrophilia means to her. In the end she said that she accepted herself after trying to fit in with what society expected...necrophilia to her is an absolutely normal thing, and that was what I wanted to show: a relationship between a man and a woman - the only difference is that one of them isn't too...er...vivid?".

You come across as a much warmer necrophile than Betty in the original movie...

"The script of **NEKRO 2** intended the character to be a nice, sympathetic girl so that there would be a greater contrast to the

'cruel' and 'abnormal' things she does. It was easy for me to play her this way, because this corresponds with my own spirit, rather than an aggressive type of person".

How do you prepare yourself to kiss a corpse?

"To me there was no corpse! It was a big rubber puppet. OK, it surely looks different to the dolls little girls play with, but this is only a slight difference - anyway I'm a big girl now (laughs)!".

What did it taste like?

"We put some Jelly in his mouth. So, Rob and me literally exchanged 'sweet kisses'".

Did you ever disagree with what Jorg wanted you to do at any point?

"No, never, because I knew from studying the script what to expect from the role. From the start Jorg didn't hide anything".

So, at no point did you stop and ask yourself, "what am I doing here?"

"Oh yes (laughs), several times! During some of the scenes, I felt like I was standing beside myself watching what was happening, and I saw strange things: like me naked on a dummy trying to have sex with it. But I never felt really uncomfortable...we actually did have a lot of fun".

We get onto discussing movies - other peoples movies - and though Monika is a little reticent about what kind she actually likes to sit down and watch - "...that's an unanswerable question; I'm interested in so many different kinds..." - it is endearing to discover that she is a great fan of Dennis Hopper's **THE LAST MOVIE**, with one of her all-time favourites being Allen Baron's **BLAST OF SILENCE**. Before we know it, there is time only for one last in-depth question: are you wary of the fact that the press will remember you as the girl who fucks a corpse, Monika?

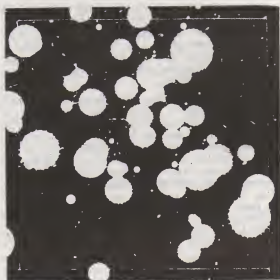
"Er...No".

What's next from the Buttgerelt stable? Well, the tentatively titled **CORPSE FUCKING ART** is scheduled to premier in April of '92, which purports to be an overview of his work to date. With regard to his next feature film project, Jorg remains a little apprehensive - not in lieu of a possible court case or because of a breakdown of new ideas, far from it: "...it's more important at the moment to decide if we want to make a more expensive film with other investors or not".

As to whether **NEKROMANTIK 2** will be deemed 'art' - corpse fucking or not - that remains to be seen. Yet, literally seconds before this issue of **HEADPRESS** is to go to print, fresh stirrings reach us which would figure that Buttgerelt now has his cards well and truly marked. Apparently tired of sitting back and awaiting the none too forthcoming

word on whether his movie is fit for public consumption. Buttgerelt decided to fly against adversity and show **NEKROMANTIK 2** regardless. At a film festival in Burghausen - a town 150 miles outside of Munich - it transpires that the theatre where said festival was due to take place was the recipient of **mysterious phonecalls**, the primary concern of which seemed to be "that movie about necrophilia". One astute woman working at the theatre decided it was high time to take **NEKROMANTIK 2** and hide it at her flat. Good move, for when the day of the screening arrived, so too did the men assigned to confiscate movies. Wielding yet another important piece of paper, the men duly searched the projection room and theatre before finally giving up and leaving empty handed - well and truly duped and rightly bemused.

Stay tuned....



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THE CHURCH OF THE FEMALE ORGASM

David Flint

The Church of the Female Orgasm is coming!

Survey after survey tell us that the women of Britain are not getting the satisfaction that they crave from sex. For all the complaining, though, little seems to be done to improve this awful situation. Why are British men so hopeless, and can they be saved? The Church of the Female Orgasm thinks they can. While most religious movements seek to suppress and deny sexual experience, The Church of the Female Orgasm is attempting to re-educate the sexually backward people of Britain, and help them discover the Joy of Sex. I spoke to Paul, the High Priest (or should that be Pope?) to find out the ideas behind this new movement. So why form The Church of the Female Orgasm?

"Basically, I think that girls in particular in this country get a pretty bad deal, and it'd be better if they could have greater confidence in their partners, either male or female, and not be shy about asking for what they want. The aim really of the Church, is to increase people's knowledge of sex and give them a greater understanding of women's needs."

So it's not simply a scurrilous attempt to get laid?

"Not really, no, it's got nothing to do with getting laid, it's just like concentrating on the girl's orgasm, rather than the bloke's, because we can always have a wank when we want... and true, a lot of girls can as well, but a lot of girls find it taboo."

This sounds almost like some kind of feminist philosophy...

"Indeed, it could be construed like that, but I don't know what the feminists would say about it. They'd probably take it the wrong way: 'What's this bloke doing standing up for women's rights?'"

You think that they'd say that because you're a man, you have no right to be making that kind of statement?

"Well, that's what the feminist viewpoint would probably be. But from a man's point of view, why not? There are lots of people that think the same way, and I wish more people would."

It's a long way from simply believing that women are getting a raw deal out of sex to forming a Church dedicated to changing that, though. How has the Church of the Female Orgasm progressed since its initial conception?

"Well, I've started writing a bible - a short pamphlet, just to hand out to people, of do's and don'ts, I suppose... what to do and what not to do, which is basic knowledge

to most people, but some people still need to be educated. I think the most important thing really is to have total trust between people... greater relaxation for the women, especially, and then that increases the intensity of her orgasm or orgasms."

Part of the problem that men have seems to be the constantly reinforced macho stereotype. Men are often led to believe that gentle sex and erotic foreplay are things to be viewed with suspicion, and prefer to simply get on with the shagging. Paul agrees that the British are far too sexually repressed.

"Well, that's the way we think over here. In other countries, it's different. It's not true of Italy and other places in Europe that are far more sexually aware, so therefore the women can be more dominant, and probably get a better time".

Public reaction to the concept of the Church has been somewhat mixed.

"A lot of girls will say 'yeah, that's brilliant, what a great ideal', and some people are a bit fearful about it, don't like it at all. They say 'oh dear, what gives you the right to say that you can do this and you can do that?', and I'll say 'I'm not saying anything except experience it with yourself before you start condemning other people'. They get a bit offended..."

Speaking of causing offence, how about religious fanatics attacking you for running a 'pagan' church?

"Ahh well, it's just a name really. There are so many (reilgions) already in the world, one more's not going to make much difference, it'd be nice if it did, though!"

Unlike other religious organisations, The Church of the Female Orgasm doesn't seek to brow-beat non-believers into salvation, but simply encourages them to re-evaluate their ideas.

"It's important to remember that the Church isn't forcing itself down anyone's throat. It's just there if people want it. If they want advice, or are interested. Lots of people aren't sexual anyway, so they wouldn't want to know. They'll just get on and read their Mills & Boon and watch **CORONATION STREET** - which is fine".

But for those who can accept that there's more to sex than the missionary position with the lights out, and want to make sure that their partner enjoys it as much as they do, the Church offers them the chance to rethink their ideas. What kind of thing is in the Church's bible?

"I've always had the same philosophy, you know - give the girls as good a time as you can. Obviously, foreplay is very important: kissing, stroking, whatever...oral sex...as many orgasms as you can orally, and then, if

you want to penetrate, fine; if not, no problem. I mean, you don't have to have an orgasm yourself. If the girls are quite happy having their multiple orgasms, then they fall over and go to sleep, that's okay."

But it's so easy for a man anyway. He doesn't need to work hard for an orgasm.

"That's right, so it's role-reversal in a way. Giving instead of just taking."

It makes it better for the man, though, if he makes the effort to please his partner rather than simply pleasing himself, don't you think?

"Oh yeah, it enhances our orgasm as well. Whoever you're with, you've got to care for them, if it's a one-night-stand or if it's a ten year partnership. It's just down to caring and thinking about the woman - what they like and what they don't like. Obviously, everyone's different, but the cillitors is in the same place, so..."

The ideas behind the Church of the Female Orgasm are as sound as any I've found anywhere. After all, loving, caring sex can only be better for both people involved...and anything that makes women feel happier about their sexual experiences must be a good thing. So how is Paul spreading his gospel to the people?

"Mainly word of mouth. In the London area, what I will do is put together a package of the poster, badges, the bible, leaflets and things, and if people want one of those, they're welcome to them".

Those of you wanting to contact the Church of the Female Orgasm should write to Paul via **HEADPRESS** (do not put the Church's name on the envelope) enclosing SAE, and we'll pass your letters on. As our conversation ended, Paul offered me a quote from The Lord's Prayer:

'Our Father who art in Heaven

Hallowed be thy name

Thy kingdom come!

"There you go. What more needs to be said?".

the church

of the

female orgasm



CITIES IN THE PARK:

AN OUTSIDERS VIEW

David Flint David Kerekes

We've reviewed the event from outside because they wouldn't let us in for nothing.

CITIES IN THE PARK was a two day music festival in Manchester. For two days, between noon and ten-thirty, Heaton Park had its biggest crowds since the early eighties, when another big act - the Pope - gigged there. Tickets cost £20 a day, or £32 for both, which seemed a mite steep if you didn't have any interest in most of the bands playing. Among those on the bill were Mad Mancs **HAPPY MONDAYS**, **808 STATE**, **WONDERSTUFF**, **DE LA SOUL**, **ELECTRONIC** and **THE BUZZCOCKS**. Originally scheduled to play, but pulling out, were **THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH** and **THE SOUP DRAGONS**.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON

The **HEADPRESS** team arrives mid-afternoon, wanders past the touts offering to buy our tickets or sell us 'official' **HAPPY MONDAYS** T-shirts, and heads in the direction that everyone else is going in. Through the campsite, past the porta-loos (a bad smell is already in the air) and into the wide closed-off spaces. The festival site is surrounded by FAC 51 steel walls, designed to keep non-paying punters out. The first thing we notice is that no alcohol is available outside these barriers. The nearest pub is miles away, and we've haven't brought any with us. So that's why people bought tickets!

Wandering around the outside, we find a good spot where you can hear everything just as well as those inside, and even see the stage if you look through the gap.

In many ways, experiencing this event from behind the Factory wall was quite advantageous...we had no obligation to show any interest in the performers simply because we wanted to get Value For Money. As we settle on the grass, **OMD** start their set. As their bontempi rhythm sound perforates the air, we actually feel relieved not to be inside the 12 foot wall.

We at **HEADPRESS** are non-too-partial to the tedious synth-pop of **OMD**, so after a while, we decide to wander around and see what's going on. There are a distinct lack of Steve Hillage T-shirts and stoned archetypal festival-goers here, we note. This is more your teenybop indiepop crowd. There are lots of family outings, Junior with Mum and Dad, and even Grannie and Gramps. The weather's holding out. It's 3.15 and **OMD** are into their third number, which sounds remarkably similar to the first two...not for the last time, we regret not bringing some cans of beer.

It's momentarily heartening to see fans climbing up trees or advertising hoardings in an attempt to see over the fence...and we smile as a few manage to clamber over the barrier. Not much is going on, so we sit in the field on the other side of the site. The music is slightly less audible here. One wag sat outside shouts "I want my money back", as **OMD** continue to drone on. Kids are wandering around pissed on two cans of lager...or is it the euphoria of it all?

A disillusioned bootleg event T-shirt seller, clutching a half empty bottle of scotch whisky and 'annoyed' at his lack of sales, takes to approaching folk with a threatening "want to buy a T-shirt" - less a question than a statement, but still no-one buys. We watch, amused.

OMD finally finish, but time's getting on, and it doesn't look as though anyone decent will appear for a while yet. Are they really having skateboarding demonstrations on stage? Sounds like it. And do people really skateboard to **SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES** numbers? Apparently so. We decide to take a temporary leave of absence to get some food and stock up on beer.

On the way home, it starts to rain, making Manchester look like a giant Wet T-shirt contest, and the **HEADPRESS** team find themselves caught up in a pilgrimage to Lourdes at the station.

SATURDAY EVENING

Later Saturday evening, the **HEADPRESS** entourage has grown into a modest little group - meeting up with some more folk whom we found sitting at a none-too-vantage point on one of the hills. We head them off to the

better place we had found earlier.

Several minutes after our arrival at the best non-paying seats in the house, a couple of the group decide they just have to take a piss up against the transit van parked over to one side - the transit van providing the closest spot of toilet seclusion before the trees some tragic 100 yards away. Not gone three minutes, the two of them call back from the roof of the van. "Hey, come on, up here!". It seems the owners of the vehicle were sitting on top of it when our friends decided to take a leak, but instead of telling our friends where to get off - what with this being a festival and all - they invited them up to share the view. So we all follow suit, piling onto the roof of the white transit van. How long will this hold the weight of eight - no nine, another one's turned up - people, we think?

The sun begins to go down, Saturday's main attraction go onstage: **THE WONDERSTUFF**. We all say how glad we are that we didn't pay £20 for this, and down another can.

From up on top of the van we can see all the six lights over the fence and the matchstick-like figures of **The Stuffles** (yeah, right) bouncing about. Closer to home, there is a choked cry and the legs of who we figure to be the driver are seen disappearing off the front of the van, falling down the windshield headfirst and hitting the ground in a most distressing way. We can't help ourselves but laugh, and before the night is over someone else will also make this rather heady journey. The band play a song that everyone seems to know and the roof we're on begins to pop in and out as everyone gets into the groove. We also have Hobbes the dog up here too.

When the whole thing is over, and we blag a couple of cans of beer from our hosts, we start to plan our way out of the park. We hear there are some blankets in the back of the van but we don't stay. On our way through the camping site where most every tent is either playing **HUP!** or **EIGHT LEGGED GROOVE MACHINE**, we are back down to three people. There are some lights in the distance and what sounds like faraway loud music so we head off in that direction. We reach the source of the music and lights: a 'rave' in the middle of nowhere with lots of folk dancing. There's a Dread DJ and a string of lights in a circle illuminating the place. We meet some of the people we met before and they start dancing in a weird way to the awful House sound because of all the stuff they've been taking on the van.

SUNDAY EVENING

On Sunday evening, we arrive to the last number from **BOB STATE**. The first thing we notice is that the park has about three times more people in it than last night, and about four times more police officers. All the

gates have a cordon on them, as if in anticipation of some mad rush when **HAPPY MONDAYS** hit the stage. We find the best spot again, but it seems that most everyone else in the park has found it also. And there has been a make-shift addition to the 12 foot fence which actually takes it closer to 20 foot right here - so the best spot isn't so great anymore. We hear **ELECTRONIC** crank up, and after one number want them to get off again. We hear someone in the band introduce a guest appearance by **THE PET SHOP BOYS** and in typical whining, incredibly inarticulate **PET SHOP BOYS** fashion, get a song which has the chorus: "I love you more than you love me" which is pretty much on the ball, we agree.

PET SHOP BOYS and **ELECTRONIC** get off. There are a lot more hire vans here today, the big box type, with lots of people on them. When the **HAPPY MONDAYS** come on, the vans are rocking like they're going to fall over any minute. We have some beer and wander around. The park is a mess of litter, but there are no dustbins so where do you put this shit? We retreat further back into the darker recesses of the park where we can see the lights flashing on stage loud and clear. Then there's a big surge of people and we know that the gates have opened, so we get in for **HAPPY MONDAYS** doing **STEP ON** and some other number for nothing. Inside it's unbelievable. A mass of people and we're looking down on them...inbetween looking directly into the aircraft landing type lights that are going on and off around the stage real fast. That's something else too: there seems to be a revival of those fluorescent disco tubes that kids wrap about their head, because there are plenty here tonight. Someone tells us that the audience at an Iggy Pop gig took to drinking the luminous juice inside these tubes because they thought it'd get them high. That's Iggy Pop fans for you. A little lad has tied a purple one of the luminous tubes to each foot and is running around a group of people in a circle. The effect is quite unreal. We're not sure, but it seems like he's been running for an awful long time.

AFTERMATH

Afterwards, we are heading back through the campsite and shouting for Lee and Jo, though we are not quite sure where they are pitched or just who they might be, but we've heard that they are here. Eventually we give up on Lee and Jo and make our way over to the rave but that's not there, either. Cars upon cars, or rather, headlights upon headlights are waiting to get out of the park. Some loner is attempting to herd everyone back into the gig again and in a real faraway voice we can hear them going "come back come back".

Slightly peckish at this late hour, the **HEADPRESS** team make a stop at a mobile fish and chips and burger bar - out of it we

HEADPRESS

PRESENTATION

FOR

- THE FESTIVAL OF FANTASTIC FILMS -
1991

ART - David Slater

surely must have been to even entertain the thought of buying underdone potatoes cut into slices, yet there was at least one satisfied customer: Satisfied Customer goes "Two burgers, please". Women in the fast food truck reaches behind her and takes two burgers from the burger machine and passes them on. "Er...no...can you make that three burgers?" says the Satisfied Customer. Women goes back and gets another burger and hands that over to Mr SC as well. "And can I have six cans of coke?". The woman grabs six cans, but doesn't give these to the Satisfied Customer because he has gone without paying by the time she has turned around again.

Outside the park, on the main road, thousands of people are waiting for the last bus; a queue almost as long stands outside the only telephone box. We decide to walk (this is going to take hours). Coming out of one of the main entrances are Paul and Doc who we haven't seen for years. They had tickets for inside the enclosure and tell us that it looked as though two rival gangs were in there, because fighting was breaking out all day long. A group of five lads, apparently, would rush down to some guy standing on his own, beat him up with a chair, then run off again. The episode was reciprocated shortly afterwards on the other side of the enclosure as another group of lads did the bashing. And so it went on, backwards and forwards all evening.

It looks like Paul and Doc must have had twenty-five pints each or something because they are all over the place, when we get to an Indian Take-Away. Doc falls on his back, spread-eagled and yells "GIVE ME SOME HEAD...OR A CHICKEN TIKKA". When we all leave him and he comes staggering up behind again, Paul shouts back loud enough so that the many thousands looking on can hear: "HEY YOU FOLLOWING BACK THERE! STOP PRETENDING YOU KNOW US!". Shortly afterwards, Doc will run into the middle of the road and stop the traffic thinking he's spotted a taxi; later still, he will fall over himself in the middle of a junction where a passing motorcycle cop will call out, "get up, ya burkel" (Burke? I shouldn't be at least club him with his truncheon?); and when a passing bus doesn't stop because it has literally got festival goers hanging out the windows, Doc will announce "SUCK MY DUMPI".

HEADPRESS offer you the opportunity to view some of the more bizarre and obscure movies at the 1991 Festival of Fantastic Films. The two all-night line-ups consist of the following

NEKROMANTIK 2, THE TRIP, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, MAN BEHIND THE SUN, THIS VIOLENT WORLD, MONDO WEIRDO, THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE, and more..

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Other titles arranged by the Society of Fantastic Film include such classics as;

THE PHANTOM SPEAKS, CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA, THE BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES, NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST, VAMPIRES GHOST and many more.

The event takes place at The Excelsior Hotel, Manchester Airport over the weekend of Friday 4th to Sunday 6th October starting at 8.00pm Friday.

The HEADPRESS screenings will run from midnight onwards on the Friday and Saturday nights.

For ticket details and complete festival programme send SAE to:

Festival of Fantastic Films,
95 Meadowgate Rd, Salford Manchester M6 6EN.

note: This is a non-profit event

TOUCHED BY THE LEFT HAND OF GOD

David Slater



Within the dark recesses of the human psyche there lurks a genetic code. A code indigenous to us all. It is buried so deep that few people acknowledge its existence, even fewer can trigger and decipher its theology. But some people stumble upon it and attempt to understand its connotations and the results of this pursuit of religious wisdom can go appallingly awry.

COUNTERFEIT RELIGION

All contemporary religions are multinational corporations running a fiscal race alongside McDonalds, Ciba-Giegy, Sony, Coca-Cola, Ford, etc. Buy your plastic Christ, repro Turin shroud, porcelain Buddha, tinplate Star of David, and so on. Take the

perverse hypocrisy of the American T.V. evangelists as a prime example of God exploitation. The God fearing masses in a society gone sour make ideal prey for any dollar hungry pseudo-preacher.

Despite this obvious sophism, beneath their facades lies a vein of truth. A real religion that is inbred in all people, not the doctrine taught at the schools or the homes or the churches. These are mere modifications of the truth. The subtle alterations have exaggerated over the centuries and thus diversified even further from the original axiom. So much so that each sect has ended up with its own particular mythos and the disciples and preachers of the individual faiths believe that none but their own is the right way. This fanaticism leads to a cultural blindness, a refusal to look back at the roots of this delty belief worshipped and

a refusal to even recognise the fundamental similarities conjoining all religions, in actual fact what is wrong with the felths is that they are unbalanced. They adopt the right-wing, peternal, domineering theology. Christianity's worldwide popularity is due to its post-concept adoption of "accept or die" philosophy. Despite its origins it does offer a "moral" facade, it is male oriented, right-handed (as will be explained), esaxuel, lightness and authoritarian.

TANTRISM - EXTREME LEFT THEOLOGY

Tantrism is called a "practice" rather than a religion by its authorities probably because it has become so diversified that it is difficult to pinpoint exactly what it is about. But a religion it is, predominantly female or motherly although male offshoots, like Buddeh, tend to dominate its acceptable facade. Basic Tantrism has an occult or sinister (left-handed) leaning. It is also overtly sexual and tending towards ancient fertility rites. Being a left-handed sect (vama) tantrik rituals are performed in the opposite way, contrary to orthodoxy. Anything found disgusting or immoral by conventionalists is acceptable to tantriks. The body is the temple of tantriks and the use of bodies both living and dead featured widely in tantrik devotion. One particular text or tantra indicates a rosary manufactured with human teeth, a bracelet braided from the hair of a corpse and a bowl made from a skullcap. Tantrik sex rites are performed with the shamen dressed in a flayed skin (contemporary shamens will wear a symbolic mask). He will spread soil scraped from a corpse or cremation ash over his body. Instruments will be manufactured from bodily parts; bone trumpets, skin drums etc. Ritual use is also made from the fat, marrow and even excrement of the dead. Human flesh (maha-mansa) may be devoured. Part of the tantriks sex religion involves the worship of the vagina (yoni puja). The goddess Shakti is often sculpted prone with spread legs and exposed vulva or, more subtly, the figure will be standing upright and a small "observer" will be crouched between her legs peering upwards.

So Tantrism is diametrically opposite to Christianity, it is left-handed, sexual, female oriented, dark and assimilative.

THE MOON IN THE HEAD

The brain is divided into two hemispheres and each have their own distinctive functions. Basically each lobe controls the opposite sides of the body but of more importance are the psychological functions of the individual halves. The left hemisphere controls language, calculation, logic in fact the necessary activities of everydayness. The right side is somewhat more esoteric, here lies spatial perception, insight, imagination

and religion. A mathematical formula will be tackled by the left brain and a daydream will be triggered by the right. Moreover true religion will be discovered - although maybe not understood - in the right hemisphere, and conventional dogma will be imprinted through instruction - and accepted - in the left hemisphere. When the sun slips beyond the horizon the left-brain drifts into slumber and the outside world ceases to exist, with the rising of the moon the right-brain hyperactivates and we continue our existence in the dreamworld.

THE HANDS OF GOD

This left and right association is relevant in all religions. Again, using Christianity as the example, the left hand (ie right-brain) of God is associated with femininity (Eve/Mary), maternity, darkness, the moon and weakness whereas God's right hand (left-brain) is related to masculinity (Adam/Jesus), paternity, lightness, the sun and power. The illustration on the previous page from a 15th. century manuscript shows clearly this duality. On Gods left hand stands Eve and the moon, there is also a unicorn, a creature of the imagination. On the right is Adam, the sun and the sword signifying power.

This theme even carries into politics, suitable examples being Nazi Germany and Russia; the former being - extreme right wing, power hungry, domineering, the swastika is a sun symbol and their country was termed the fatherland; the latter - extreme left-wing, socialist society (emelagamation/assimilation), the sickle is a symbolic representation of the moon and their country is termed the motherland.

Physical indication of left/female right/male can be seen in bi-lateral hermaphrodites. They always develop female attributes on the left-hand side of the body. Josephine Joseph of Freaks fame, Bobby Kork and Mee Arcy are examples.

THE MOTHER

The word is universal. Mater, Mama, Mat(e), Medar, Mathair, Matr, Mary. Each variation has developed from the root, Ma. That word itself is in widespread use particularly in the United States and it is often wrongly termed an 'Americanism'. In Christianity Mary is the ultimate mother but her role is of lesser importance than Christ. The name itself is of great religious significance.

EDWARD THEODORE GEIN - MADMAN OR SHAMAN?

Edward Gein, what a guy! Infamous in the extreme the little fellow died in 1984 almost thirty years after his final day of freedom and kinky 'fun' with Beatrice Worden. As he hoisted the dead woman to the rafters of an outbuilding adjoining his house he proceeded

to decapitate and gut her. Questioned on the purpose of this mutilation Gein - desperate to be tagged insane and thus avoid the horrors of life in prison - claimed he thought she was a deer. The fact that he neatly sliced out her vagina and prepared her head for display is evidence that he knew exactly what he was doing. These acquired items were merely fresh additions to his accumulation of body parts filched from cemeteries over a period of several years.



But was Gein mad? Was it insanity that drove him dig the dead from their graves and remove the required anatomical remnants? If the guy was totally unhinged surely his cemetery plunderings would have provided him with a random selection of cocks and cunts. Instead Gein was selective and deliberate in his activities and males did not feature in his plan. The parts he desired were those that not only symbolised femininity but were femininity in the flesh. So the breasts, the vaginas, the faces were the real spoils. The remaining plunder such as bones, skin, skulls, although of some value, were put to a

more practical use such as furniture and food bowls. Edward Gein had tripped, not out of his mind, but into his mind.

It was the death of Gein's mother that was the catalyst for his ride inside that produced such astonishing results. Suddenly deprived of his reason of existence he embarked on a helter skelter tour for the meaning of life. Within the corridors of his mind he found a room and entered. What he discovered in the darkness was the seed of primal divinity; fundamental religion stripped of all its fallacies and deceptions that make its myriad variations so popular today. Once the route was memorised he could visit this unutilized chamber at random and nourish the seed within. As the seed developed Gein saw that God had no place here. In fact God was a lie. The seed itself would germinate into the true deity. The Mother Goddess. Edward Gein was transforming into a tantrik Shaman.

"A further test suggested odd and possibly bizarre religious beliefs..." Dr. E. R. Schuberts opinion after conducting various psychological tests on Gein.

THE CONSUMMATION OF MOTHER MARY

When Gein eventually tired of retrieving the dead from the earth he resorted to murder. His first victim was Mary Hogan. When his home was eventually searched by police officers they discovered a shoe-box contained nine excised vaginas. One was painted silver and adorned with a red ribbon. Gein claimed that he painted it to deter the effects of putrefaction. This indicates that it was the vagina of Mary Hogan as the others, removed from the dead, would have been mummified or treated with embalming fluid prior to their excision. The red ribbon is indicative of some kind of devotion. The Mary face-mask was discovered in a plastic bag hanging behind a door accessible for wearing.

Jack the ripper claimed a total of five victims. Two had christian names of Mary. And it was one of these two that suffered the most appalling mutilations. Mary Jane Kelly was the only victim to satiate the Ripper's desires and thus she became his last. Her body was systematically dissected involving extensive removal of facial tissue, cutting off of the breasts and excavation of the abdomen including removal of the uterus. Her femininity was removed and displayed and other parts - including her womb - were taken away for whatever ritualistic purpose the Ripper desired (suspected cannibalism). This, as with Gein, was attempted assimilation of Mother Mary. In fact it is the equivalent of Holy Communion - they are partaking not of the flesh and blood of Christ but of the flesh and blood of the "Virgin Mary".

Around the time Jack the Ripper operated Joseph Vecher committed similar crimes in France. His victims numbered eleven; seven

female, four male. The women had been raped then stabbed and disembowelled, the males had been castrated and sodomised. Additionally the victims bodies were covered with severe bite marks - superficial cannibalism. When captured his murder weapons were found; several knives and a club, on this were carved the words "Mary of Lourdes; who does good, finds good."

Further examples of this behaviour include Herbert Mullin who tripped into his right-brain. He lived in Santa Cruz and suffered a strict religious upbringing instigated by his mother. He claimed there were voices in his head instructing him to kill and had a distinct urge to visit India to study its religions. In October 1972 he beat a vagrant to death with a baseball bat. The following week he picked up a hitch-hiker. Her name was Mary Guilfoyle. Mullin stabbed her through the heart ripped open her abdomen and removed her internal organs. Several days later he committed a further murder, that of Father Henri Tomel in St. Mary's church confessional.

Ed Kemper too had similar maternal and right-brain problems. After spending five years in a mental hospital for killing his grandparents he was released in the custody of his mother. He bought a car and would drive round picking up hitch-hikers. Eventually, in May '72, he gave two students a lift. Their names were Anita Luchese and Mary Anne Pesce. He drove them to a secluded spot and forced Anita into the boot of the car then proceeded to murder and mutilate Mary. After killing Anita he took both bodies home for dissection and necrophilic activities. Kemper's mother along with several other victims ultimately suffered a similar fate.

Albert DeSalvo, the Boston Strangler, slaughtered 13 women. The only three to have recurring christian names were; Mary Mullen; Mary Brown; Mary Sullivan. Brown, who was sixty-nine, had her breasts mutilated with a fork; Sullivan had a broom handle thrust into her vagina. In fact all of DeSalvo's victims were displayed with spreadeagled legs exposing their vaginas, reminiscent of Shakti the tantrik goddess.

Norman John Collins had parental dilemmas. His mother married three times giving him little opportunity for a paternal relationship and he would often fantasize about torturing women. This fantasy became reality when, in 1967, he met, murdered and hacked off the hands and feet of Mary Fleszer. He would kill a further six girls. One left in similar ritualistic display to DeSalvo's, having a branch forced into her vagina.

1978, Larry Singleton offered a lift to a female hitch-hiker. He strangled and raped her then amputated both her arms. Her name was Mary Vincent. When caught Singleton could give no reason for his actions.

RIGHT BRAIN DETONATION

Jack the Ripper's victims all had their throats cut from right to left indicating the killer was left-handed (thus easy access to right-brain theology). On his first chosen victim, Mary Ann Nicholls, he was unable to carry out the necessary mutilation due to her constrictive clothing. The following victims suffered some kind of ritualistic post-mortem modifications associated with the left side of the body. Catherine Eddowes's left kidney was removed (and possibly devoured) along with her womb, and part of her intestine was placed between her left arm and body. Mary Kelly had her left hand placed inside her open abdomen.

Geln himself was right-handed, thus left-brain dominant, but it is possible that he suffered damage to his left-brain at an early age. His father was an aggressive drunk, assuming he was right-handed (approximately 90% of people are) any face-to-face confrontation would result in a blow to the left side of Geln's head. Furthermore Geln had a flawed left eye and, in subsequent years, he wore his cap tilted to the left as though offering some kind of subliminal protection. So it is possible that Geln achieved right-brain domination following physical abuse to the left side of his head. Finally, his isolation gave him access to the depths and his explorations showed him in vivid revelations the significance of the mother, of the Virgin Mary and of the moon itself to such an extent that he would eventually strip naked, dress in the flayed mantle of Mary Hogen and dance beneath the full moon.

DeSalvo had a violent father and was an amateur boxer which again could result in left-brain emasculation. Matricidal serial killer Henry Lee Lucas was constantly beaten about the head by his crazy mother, he also had a false left eye which would eliminate much of the outside world from his right-brain and leave it to ferment in semi-darkness. Furthermore, a brain scan at Baylor University hospital revealed damage to the left temporal lobe.

Another twisted moon related killer was the sex-anthropophagous Albert Fish. Fish, a homosexual sado-masochist (could this emotional androgyny be a result of left-brain dysfunction?), was far more confused in his warped mind and constantly tripped between hemispheres. His victims, usually young boys, were often sodomised, castrated (to display pseudo-femininity, reminiscent of Joseph Vacher 40 years earlier) and horribly mutilated. When he murdered Grace Budd he drank her blood then cooked and ate parts of her body; again, mirroring Holy Communion, his attempt at female assimilation.

Fish was also heavily influenced by the moon, so much so that he became known as the "werewolf" or "vampire" killer and would

often resort to bizarre acts of extreme auto-erotic mutilation when the moon was full. One of his oddest pastimes involved the insertion of needles into his perineum, the area between anus and scrotum. They were pushed into his flesh to an irretrievable depth. In tantrism, the perineum is an energy point or "chakra" and also close to the site of a mystical energy called "kundalini". This energy is associated to fire and femininity. Besides the needles Fish would also insert alcohol soaked cotton swabs into his anus and ignite them. During the trial Gene Fish, Alberts son, told of one time he discovered his father inserting the needles. When he questioned him as to the purpose of this activity Fish replied "I've had a message from Christ.". Could it be that there was a schizophrenic conflict between the opposite sides of his brain, each lobe almost independent of the other. At times the "Christ" in the left hemisphere dominated and attempted to eradicate the "kundalini" or femininity and then, when the "Mary" in the right hemisphere arose, she tried to vitalise the energy with fire. Like Geln, his activities were remarkably tantric.

A further example is serial killer and rapist Bobby Joe Long who actually began to develop breasts during puberty. This is evidence that his physical body itself was in the Mother/female mode. He even shared the same bed as his mother due to financial obligation. Later in life he was involved in a motorcycle accident and suffered extensive damage to the left temporal lobe thus his right-brain became dominant through necessity. It was following this accident that Long needed to achieve female assimilation and he attempted this through rape and murder. Moreover, Long was directly affected by the moon cycles.

"Even now I can always tell when it's the full moon. I get crazy when the moon is full.."

BALANCE

The left hemisphere houses the male deity, the right hemisphere the female. Divinity has insisted on name tagging and offered us Jesus/Mary, Shiva/Shakti, Yin/Yang, Anu/Ishtar and so on. The left is seeking total domination, but the meek right yearns her share of attention and equality. The sun and moon are somehow linked to their respective lobes not only mythically but in essence. During times of intense solar activity the thrill-killings or power killings increase. Likewise the violent sex crime escalates in relation to moon phases.

At present the "Jesus-psyche" is relatively successful in its universal dictatorship and its achievements reflect in the male domination not only of the church but of society in general. The "Mary-psyche" is allowed a secondary role as a kind of token

gesture to her existence. But there are rare occasions, when conditions are correct, (ie heavy religious upbringing, maternal domination, left-brain dysfunction, isolation) that individuals can rouse her from the subconscious abyss and she attempts to re-assert her femininity and importance. The result is an exaggerated mimicking of her opposites veneration, an attempt to cram in everything she has been denied for so long. But her solitary confinement in darkness has rendered her mad and the effect of her arousal likewise renders the host insane.



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THE AMAZING COLOSSAL FILMS OF SAMUEL Z ARKOFF

David Flint

Samuel Z. Arkoff may well be the most important living figure in American film history. During the fifties and sixties, his production company, American International Pictures, were responsible for the best youth movies ever made. If you hate teenage horror flicks, he's the man to blame, having virtually invented them. A number of classic AIP horror movies, including *I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*, *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER* and *THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN* have just been released on video in the UK, and a tribute to Arkoff and AIP took place in August at the prestigious National Film Theatre. I spoke to Arkoff at his Los Angeles home prior to his visit to the UK, and asked him how he first entered the film industry, after starting his career as a lawyer.

"Well, in a sense I became a lawyer in order to get in the picture business! I was born in a small town in Iowa, and I went to the Chicago World's Fair in 1933, when I was about 14. I ran across a copy of *VARIETY*, and I was fascinated by the use of the English language of theirs. I bought a copy and went back home. Nobody knew anything about *VARIETY*, so I got the men who ran the pool hall to bring in a copy every week, and every week I went down and gave him 15c, and became what you might call a closet member of showbusiness. I decided that I wanted to be in it, but I didn't know in what function."

After a stint in the airforce, Arkoff enrolled at an L.A. law school in 1945, hoping that it would help him enter the film industry.

"As it so happened, I had met while I was overseas a chap by the name of Hank McKuen, who had been in radio. We're talking now about 1946, and he'd already decided he wanted to get into television. He set himself up to make a television series with himself as the comic. So he came to see me, and he figured out that since I was going to law school, I could do the legal work, and also the business, which he didn't like. So we made these little half hour, 16mm non-union films. At that time, this was experimental television. In the late 40's, television was done with kinoscopes, but we did it on 16mm. In essence, we were doing what today would be called syndication; it wasn't called that then, nobody really did it. We would make these half hour shows using either young writers who wanted to get their feet wet in television, or experienced radio writers from leading radio shows like *THE JACK BENNY SHOW* - we didn't have Jack Benny, but we had his people - all of whom wanted to get in on the experimental stage, when most of the TV stations were only on a few hours a day. We would make these for practically nothing - I

don't think we spent more than about \$1000, nobody really got paid...we needed the \$1000 for film and laboratory. I graduated law school in 1948, and was doing this on the

side for nothing. In 1950, however, we managed to sell the show to NBC, and it was their first comedy show on film. I was a partner with Hank, and by this time I was doing all the legal and really all the business."

After his partnership with McKuen ended, Arkoff decided to move into the movie business, despite the fact that the industry seemed to be in the decline.

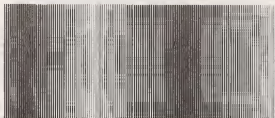
"The decade of the fifties was a very bad decade for American motion pictures. Television had reduced the motion picture audience very substantially, particularly in the United States, where you had a lot of housing funds, you had Veteran housing, F.H.A. housing, and they were now building housing out in the tracks, away from the downtown areas. Consequently, the younger people with families, the middle-aged and the older people were not going to movies now; they were sitting at home with the kids, paying off the mortgage and watching television. Everyone was saying 'motion pictures are dead, television will take over. There will only be a handful of motion pictures made', and the exhibitors of course were leaving the field in droves."

Arkoff teamed up with James H. Nicholson, who had been an exhibitor in Los Angeles.

"We concluded that this might be a good time to open up and produce motion pictures of a little different kind. I knew about production by this time, and he knew about distribution and exhibition, and we put in \$3000 to buy the stock of the company we formed, which was American International Pictures. We decided we would make pictures for the group of people who were coming to the theatres. Now oddly enough, although today the word 'teenager' is a common word from the standpoint of merchandising, styles, music and so on, back in the fifties it wasn't common at all. During the era before television, pictures were never consciously made for teenagers. You had the Disney pictures, and as far as Disney and a great many others were concerned, anybody from 8 to 19 was a kid! And there was no distinction. Now, if you were a teenager, you knew damn well that there were a lot of distinctions, and there were a lot of concerns that teenagers had.

"Also, the major companies had a lot of actors on those seven year contracts, and most of them were getting old, and they were still playing the same youthful roles. For example, lets take Joan Crawford, who'd been a star for many years, and played a working girl as a rule...and by this time she's in her forties. Now, nobody seemed to mind when the audience was of universal age, but now, the young people are looking at Joan Crawford and saying 'my God, she's older than our mother!' But at the same time, Joan Crawford is playing a shop girl or a secretary, or something like that, in her twenties. So we saw an opportunity there."

Arkoff and Nicholson, with the help of young directors like Roger Corman, soon started to make films aimed directly at the teenage market. Cheaply produced, they dealt with the kind of themes that the bigger studios were foolishly ignoring. Movies like *HOT ROD GIRL*



and *HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS* might not have seemed to be great works of art to the critics, but they delivered the goods to an appreciative audience. AIP was also churning out horror films for the same crowd, and it was only a matter of time before the inevitable marriage of genres.

"We took the horror staples like *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*, and we made them into teenage pictures. For example, I *WAS A TEENAGE MEREMOLF*, which starred Michael Landon...I *WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*...*TEENAGE CAVERNMAN*...so what we were doing is we were appealing to the teenagers."

AIP also pioneered the idea of the double programme, more from necessity than anything else.

"Before we had the concept of the double programme, the exhibitors said 'Oh, you didn't spend too much money on this picture' - all the pictures we made in those early days were under \$100,000 - and they would play us as a second feature. Well, this was death, because the second feature always got a flat price, whereas the top feature would get a percentage. So we finally realised after three pictures that we would have to do something else, because we could never make a go of it just getting flat prices. So we decided to put two pictures appealing to the same audience on the same bill. The first of those was *THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED* and *THE PHANTOM FROM 10,000 LEAGUES*. Before that, the philosophy of the major companies had been, you give them a big picture on one subject and then you give them a second feature on another subject, hoping to draw in a more universal audience. We concluded that we would do much better if we aimed at exactly the same group with both pictures."

This revolutionary approach wasn't an instant hit with theatre owners, though.

"We had trouble in the beginning, because the exhibitors said 'look, we won't play these pictures together. Split 'em up and we'll play them as separate second features'. We said 'no dice'. For about three months we didn't get a booking. It was getting tough. Finally, in December of 1955, we managed to get a booking in Detroit at the Fox Theater, which was a big theatre, 3000 seats. The reason we got this was because, firstly, early December time is generally not good, and also, there was a newspaper strike in

Detroit, and this was before the era of television advertising motion pictures. So the major companies wouldn't book anything better, so finally, in desperation, the Fox booked our combination. Now our problem was how, without advertising, were we going to publicize these pictures?"

The answer to this problem lay in a wonderfully ingenious bit of promotion that somehow typifies the AIP spirit.

"We hired two flat-bed trucks, and we put a tableau on each of them and ran them through the city streets. In the tableau, we had the monsters - in *THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED* we had the three eyed monster, and in *THE PHANTOM FROM 10,000 LEAGUES* we had the Phantom - and the monster would be advancing on a girl wearing sheer, gossamer, revealing clothes, and behind her would be two stalwart young men coming to her rescue. We ran these through Detroit in early December in the midst of snow squalls and cold - I tell you, we figured at one time that if we could bottle the goose pimples, we'd make a fortune - and we got a great deal of publicity. Of course, the newspapers were on strike, but we got the publicity on the television news programmes, and also, we flooded the town with handbills. And, we were off and running with those combinations."

Once AIP had proved the profitability of teen-oriented movies, other independent producers climbed on the bandwagon, and even the major studios began to rethink their policies. But, while their rivals simply cashed in on the latest crazes with quickly produced programmes, AIP seemed to have an uncanny knack of predicting youth trends, and producing the archetypal teenpics for each period. After rock 'n' roll and the J.D. scene began to wane, they invented the beach movie with *BEACH PARTY*, explored the biker lifestyle with *THE WILD ANGELS*, and were the first to really explore the late sixties psychedelic movement with films like *THE TRIP* and *PSYCH OUT*. Just how did AIP stay so far in tune with what was happening?

"Well, we were conscious where the majors weren't. Part of the reason why we understood the youth market was because we made an effort to understand it. In those years, I had nephews here, and also my kids were growing up. So every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, I would use my 35mm set up in the house, and I would have my kids and my nephews bring in 30, 40, 50 kids, ranging from 12/13 up to maybe 25. And we would watch their reactions. We were running everybody's pictures, and that was the best source we could find. In addition, we had something else. We had a different way of working. We would go first with a title. Jim Nicholson was the greatest title-man I've ever known. He would come in in the morning and say 'what do you think of this? I WAS A TEENAGE

WEREWOLF. Now that was a great title. That was a million dollar title on a \$100,000 picture. So now we had the title, now the question was 'would the public be attracted to the title?'. So we would also make up some sort of preliminary artwork, and with that rough artwork, and the title, we would have young people go out to the high schools and the colleges, and show not just one, but maybe five prospective concepts to the students. Also, we would do the same thing with adults who's opinions we valued, and a few exhibitors - mostly, exhibitors don't know from Adam about pictures, they're so concerned with their concession counters, but there were a handful. So we would, between all these different sources, figure out what we wanted to do, and if it didn't seem to work, we wouldn't write the script."

As a small company, AIP had to work quickly to stay financially stable. One of their most prolific directors was Roger Corman, who made films for the company throughout the sixties, and was responsible for many of their best known movies, including the Edgar Allan Poe series.

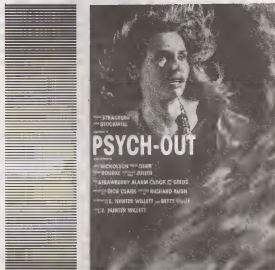
"Roger did quite a number of pictures for us - he was the first director that we had, and did more than thirty pictures for us. At one time, he was doing about four pictures a year both producing and directing, which kept him pretty busy, as you can gather. So generally, we would come up with a theme - he might have an idea, but in many cases we came up with the scripts and he would advise us about what he thought. Then we would come up with the casting ideas, we would confer with that over the telephone, and then he might make the first rough cut, but then he would be off making another picture - so we'd have to finish up the picture."



Obviously, leaving your film in someone else's hands isn't always going to give you a finished result that you feel completely happy with, and inevitably, Corman occasionally disagreed with the certain aspects of the completed film. **THE TRIP** was a typical example.

"Roger never agreed with our ending. We wanted an ending that didn't indicate any kind of an ending, really. You didn't really know which way it ended. Roger contended that this was not what he had in mind. However, we've always been very close to Roger. It wasn't the kind of hassle relationship, or at least 'hands-off' relationship that exists in other companies. You might say the pictures were 'community efforts'!"

Of course, the teenage rebellion of the 1950's wasn't overly popular with those who were being rebelled against, and they did their best to suppress the evil influence of The Devil's Music and everything that promoted it...including teenpics.



"There was a lot of opposition to rock 'n' roll. I remember in my small town in Iowa, they didn't even permit rock 'n' roll - there was what had been an armory that belonged to the city, and they used to rent it out for dances, but they would not permit rock 'n' roll dances. I could never understand why, because in rock 'n' roll, the kids hardly look at each other, let alone touch each other. But, there was something about rock 'n' roll and the whole concept of it...and I suppose there were loosening sex standards, and that whole metamorphosis that came after the war, which was not dependent on the movies we made, or anybody else made; they were a part of what was happening.

"Even in the sixties, when we made the beach pictures - which were never quite as popular in the UK as they were in the US, though they were very popular in Australia and places

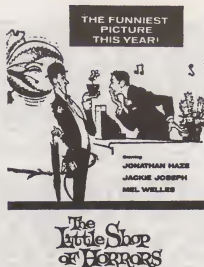
like that - there were hundreds of newspapers in the United States, mostly in small towns, that used to brush out the belly buttons! It's inconceivable now, isn't it? And yet, there were a great many people who thought the bikini was indecent. These pictures had no fornication - a little kissing, a little petting maybe - no cigarette smoking, no liquor drinking, just beer, but even so, we used to get this."

Even the politicians saw fit to question the morality of Arkoff's films.

"I remember when Senator Douglas of Illinois, who was a favourite of mine, even though I wasn't from Illinois, sent me a letter after I **WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF** complaining about this kind of horror picture, and I wrote back to him and said 'Senator, I'm a great admirer of yours, but I'm sure you haven't seen the picture. Certainly, the advertising is graphic, but when your wife buys perfume, she may buy a perfume called Seduction or My Sin, or something like that. Now you don't expect that every time that happens, the person wearing this perfume is going to get seduced. This is just common advertising', and I offered to set up a screening for him, which he kindly refused."

By the late sixties, teen rebellion was once again in the air. The anti-Vietnam war movement was in full flow, and the psychedelic scene, synonymous with San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury area, dominated youth culture. As always, AIP were quick to reflect this new atmosphere in their films. **RIOT ON SUNSET STRIP** saw teenagers battling with the police over their right to be out at night, while **PSYCH OUT** took a more intelligent look at the counter-culture. The best known of the Acid movies, however, was **THE TRIP**, written by the still relatively unknown Jack Nicholson - one of many well known names who started their careers working for AIP.

"Jack had been in a number of our pictures as an actor, and he was concerned that he was never going to make it as an actor. It's a very interesting thing about two of the people that we gave a lot of opportunities to - Jack Nicholson on the one hand, and Charlie Bronson on the other. In the fifties and even the early sixties, you still had the concept of the leading man being more or less conventional handsome. He was, generally speaking, a WASP type, clean cut, not necessarily too bright, a smiling guy...you know, the Robert Montgomery type. And Nicholson could never meet that qualification, because while he was not ugly in any way, he was sardonic. And as far as Charlie Bronson was concerned, he was not handsome at all! In fact, he was craggy! And he wouldn't have fitted the definition of the hero. So it wasn't until the late sixties that these two people really came to stardom.



because of the difference in concept as time went on".

While there had been a few movies dealing with drugs before, they'd met with little success, and it wasn't until *THE TRIP* that psychedelia was seen to be a potential box-office winner.

"Most pictures about drugs had been failures. They'd been failures for obvious reasons. The people who are against drugs don't go to see them, and the people who are taking drugs aren't that anxious to go to see themselves coming to a bitter end. In most of those drug pictures, the person either died, landed in the gutter or landed in jail. So it really didn't make much sense. We didn't want to do that - on the other hand, we didn't want to encourage anybody..."

Try telling that to James Ferman. The BBFC's head censor still refuses to allow *THE TRIP* to be released in this country, claiming that "in the wrong hands", (that means uneducated riff-raff like you) the film could act as "a powerful advertisement for LSD". Quite. Arkoff is long resigned to this sorry state of affairs, being only too aware of the attitudes and idiocies of British censorship.

"Well, most of my experiences with the British censor were interesting. John Trevelyan was the British censor for a long time. Now, Trevelyan would never pass *THE WILD ANGELS*. I had many an argument with Trevelyan. I said 'for God's sake, what's your objection? From the standpoint of violence, you've passed many pictures that are more violent than this one'. And he agreed that he had. He said 'we have our own form of juvenile violence, with the Teddy Boys and so on' and he was afraid this picture would have a bad effect...and he would never pass the picture."

THE WILD ANGELS, in fact, remains banned (although it was released on video in the pre-censorship days), making a curious

double-bill, alongside *THE TRIP*, of Roger Corman counter-culture movies that are forbidden in Britain. But these weren't the first AIP films to get the BBFC hot under the collar.

"I had another run-in with John Trevelyan on a picture called *IT CONQUERED THE WORLD*. It's about a being from another world who comes down to Earth - someone said it looked a little like a squashed tomato - and by means of sending out arrows which imbedded themselves in the brains of local people, and therefore reduced them to the power of this other being, he would take over the world. Now this was the first time, to the best of my knowledge, that this was used, although this idea has been copied God knows how many times (in fact, Arkoff's own company remade it with maverick director Larry Buchanan, as *ZONTAR, THE THING FROM VENUS*). At the end of the picture, Lee Van Cleef takes an acetylene torch, puts it in the face of this being, and blows him to hell."

"We opened the picture in the US, and it did very well. So I sent it over to the UK. In those days, we were distributed by Nat Cohen and Stuart Levy, who had Anglo-Amalgamated which was later acquired, along with the owners, by Warner-Pathe, which later became EMI. And I don't get any answer, I called up Nat Cohen, and said 'Nat, what's going on - I can't see anything wrong with the picture'. I assumed they would give it an 'X', which they generally gave to horror pictures - in fact, even our Edgar Allan Poe pictures, which always played for kids, got 'X's in the UK. He said 'I haven't heard anything', so I said 'look, I'm coming over' - we were making pictures in the UK at that time - 'I'll go and see Trevelyan'. I figured there was something strange. I went over to the UK in the next few weeks, went in to see Trevelyan, and he looks at me...he was a very interesting man really, he had a sly sense of humour. He said 'is this other being a human being, or an animal, or what?'. I was trying to figure out 'what the devil is John getting at?'. Then I realised what he was getting at, and I said 'look, he's a human being', and John said 'he doesn't look like a human being to me'. I said 'he's a human being of that planet'. The whole point was, with all due respect to you English, you have a great sympathy for animals, but you don't always treat your children as well (he laughs). If you'll pardon that...I And John told me that if this was an animal, he would not have permitted the picture into the UK. As it was, having gotten my assurance from my superior knowledge about beings from that particular planet, that they were human beings by the definition, he passed the picture and it did well in the market, and nobody ever objected or thought it was an animal."

Although AIP was sold and quickly ceased to exist at the end of the seventies, Arkoff

continues to make movies. In fact, his latest project is a remake of an old AIP/Roger Corman classic.

"My son and I are making *MACHINE GUN KELLY* again this year for Columbia. The original picture cost \$100,000, and Jim Nicholson and I went down to the bank and borrowed the money. This new picture's going to cost \$22 million, and on this one, Sony's putting up the money."

The film is starring William Baldwin from *FLATLINERS* in the title role originally played by Charles Bronson, and is directed by British director Marick Canleszka.

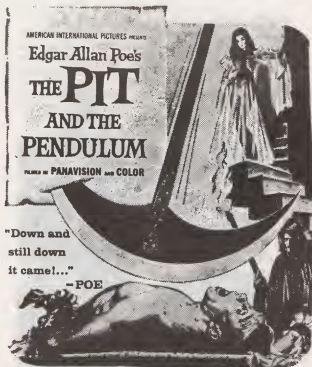
"I understand this fellow started doing commercials in the UK, working for the same commercial house as Ridley Scott and his brother. He did a couple of small pictures, we saw one of them and decided to give it to him. I don't know - It may seem like an odd choice for a British director to do a picture about an American depression rural gangster - almost like a rural Robin Hood, except he didn't give to the poor....."

Of course, while it might be understandable - almost inevitable, you could say - for the original *MACHINE GUN KELLY*, and the rest of the old AIP low budget gems to have built up a huge cult following, it must nevertheless seem rather odd for these films, previously dismissed, ridiculed or reviled, to now be hailed as important Cinema. How does Arkoff feel about seeing his past being the subject of retrospectives at such establishment venues as the NFT?

"It's gratifying, and it's amusing, and I must say I'm rather surprised. Our first retrospective was on our 25th anniversary, at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. As a matter of fact, they issued a very nice booklet about AIP, and what changes it had made in the cinema world, not only in production, but in distribution and exhibition. I said at the banquet that preceded the first of the pictures, 'we never made any of these pictures for a museum. We only made them for young people, for the purpose of enjoyment. But on the other hand, I suppose that if Andy Warhol's Campbell Soup posters can be Pop Art, ours can also!'"

Absolutely. The AIP films of the fifties and sixties are, in many ways, important historical documents, reflecting the concerns and pre-occupations of the teenage generation. And while the award-winning *Serious Film* might get the critical attention for now, it'll be movies like *ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES*, *INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN* and *THE ABOMINABLE DR PHIBES* that will continue to pack 'em in at all-night showings and delight genuine movie-lovers everywhere.

The first batch of *DRIVE IN CLASSICS* are available now on the Castle-Hendring label.



and consist of *THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN*, *THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED*, *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER*, *I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* and *THE UNDEAD*. All are highly recommended. A series of AIP classics runs at the NFT until the end of August, and Roger Corman will be the subject of *The GUARDIAN* interview at the same venue on 17th September. For details ring 071-928-3535.



VISIT TO A TORTURE MUSEUM

David Kerekes



Wandering around the heart of Amsterdam as you might well be on a beautiful Summer's afternoon, you decide that you've had enough of the sun-soaked streets and bumbling tourists in shorts. So, after making for the nearest convenient exit - a somewhat unassuming, slightly off-set doorway - you find yourself in the museum of torture instruments. If you don't happen upon it by chance, then there's no missing the shocking posters all over town...

The posters that line the streets and pave the way to this particular exhibition are brutal, and certainly appear out of place among the tourists and flower markets of Amsterdam. Even the excesses of the nearby red-light district - of those prostitutes, pickpockets and peepshows - pale next to the sight of the man gripped within the vice-like 'heretics fork': head thrown back; collar round his neck holding the razor sharp tines up tight under his chin; expression beyond pain. A sight which stands 3'x 2' on most every street corner.

It's black inside the museum, with adornments of the torture era bathed in the weakest of weak light bulbs - each exhibit dim so not to disturb the blackness of the other exhibits that follow. The light is such a sickly pale yellow and so vague in here, you strain your eyes to see how some of the instruments might have worked their torture pain.

Moving from chamber to chamber and from exhibit to exhibit, you will see those others who come to strain and see: few and far between and artifacts in themselves, perhaps you will see a couple walking hand in hand, or the lone traveller with his backpack. There are no crying children or photo-snapping families here. This is not the place to find the fun-loving holiday party; the museum is too harsh for their holidays. Neither is this the place to go for 45 minutes of impassionate distraction; the museum is too demanding for that.

There is a smell to this blackness. It is the washed-out odour of putrefaction. It smells like the instruments look: crude, worn and rusted. And it hangs round each dim yellow light bulb waiting to move in.

There is a constant barely audible strain of classical music drifting through the darkness. You follow it between the torture exhibits.

On one corridor of the museum is to be found a row of prison cells. Barred windows look into each of the chambers, but doesn't provide much more than a view of the blackness we already know. There are figures in there, contorted by the torment of some crippling agony, but only the barest of forms can be made out. A brief description on the wall of the corridor, however, illuminates the brutalities taking place...

In the first cell. In the far corner, a naked figure is locked within the 'scavengers daughter.' This device straps around the victim's neck, wrists and ankles, and doesn't allow for any movement. The inscription on the wall states that, 'Nobody knows why this strap was called the 'scavengers daughter' ...squeezed in an almost squatting position, the victim was driven insane from unrelenting muscle cramps.'

Another cell displays what is termed as the 'collar.' The collar has spikes on the inside, is suspended in the centre of the room by several chains and, as we are informed, was 'Drawn around the throat or the forehead...and served to attach the accused to the corners of the interrogation room. Just patting the chains sufficed to inflict the sharpest pains.'

Some of the other exhibits and interesting artifacts to be found in the museum, include:

- The 'Judes cradle' which is a simple pyramid made of wood with a sharp point, over which the victim would be suspended ass or cunt first. The accompanying inscription for the Judes cradle reads, 'At witch trials both men and women were accused of sexual intercourse with the Devil. That is why this pyramid was rather popular. By means of a hoisting apparatus, the inquisitor could vary the pain at will through depth of penetration.'



- The 'pendulum', which in this instance doesn't involve a swinging blade, but rather a simple hoist: when "pulled up backwards at the wrists, the victim's body dislocates itself. Then follows paralysis and, finally, death." The inscription for the pendulum goes on to state, that, "For dozens of police forces in the world, this method still is daily routine."

- The 'saw' may appear to be nothing more than a common wood saw (it probably isn't), but it's the following revelation that makes this particular saw so fascinating: "The saw was an exception to the rule that at executions male genitals were to be respected. Homosexuals were among the main victims." That is, the victim would be spreadeagled upside down and sawn in half, balls first...

Before you leave the museum you come to a snack bar. You can have your snacks overlooking some of the exhibits, with a radio behind the counter playing pop music. But the radio is real low and the snack bar is painted black, so you don't forget where you are. You can even buy a booklet of some of the less offensive torture devices, and a great poster of the men in the heretics fork.

When you do leave the museum, you have to shield your eyes against the sun. The pavement is still sun-bathed, and the tourists in shorts appear more bumbling and intolerable than when you first went in...bemoaning as they are the sunburn that scorches their backs.

Torture Instruments is to be found somewhere between Keizerstraat and Flowermarkt, HEILIGEWEG 19, Amsterdam, Open 10.00 - 19.00.



TV DAZE

Jack Housden

When the doorbell rang I slipped a housecoat on before answering it. Well, it wouldn't do to go to the door in just my undies and stockings, even though I was wearing my best Janet Reger bra and panties.

The young man at the doorstep asked if Mr Housden was at home.

"He might be," I said, "who is it who wants him?"

"I'm from the TV licensing authority."

"Then you'd better come in, I didn't know we had to have licenses. Is it a new law or something?"

"But TV's have always had to be licensed."

"Oh that's nonsense. I've got lots of friends who're TV's and we've none of us ever had a license."

By this time the young man seemed a bit confused, what with the drift of the conversation and the disparity between my voice and mode of dress. Of course I knew perfectly well that by TV he meant television. He hadn't yet twigged that for me and many others, TV means transvestism.

Actually in the pre-Hitler Germany many transvestites did have a form of license, it consisted of a letter from the Institute of Sexology, stating that the bearer had to wear womens clothes for medical reasons. Yes, until fairly recently transvestism and other interesting erotic pastimes were almost universally regarded as diseases. That opinion is still held in some quarters. Thanks to certain pop artists, the punk movement and the advent of magazines like *Skin Two*, transvestism and fetish type clothing are far more widely accepted today than they were a few years ago. This is despite ominous signs of a backlash in opinion, as witnessed by Clause 28 and other measures.

There's still a long way to go though before men are as free to wear skirts as women are to wear trousers. So called unisex is still very much a one way traffic. If a woman wears jeans and trainers, that's unisex, it's not unisex if a man wears fishnets; that's fetishism, transvestism, or plain pervery!

An apocryphal story goes around that when David Bowie was stopped by some jigs and asked why he was wearing a womens dress, he replied "It's not a womens dress - It's my dress." However, if we ever do reach a stage of truly bilateral unisex clothing, when men

and women are equally free to wear slacks or dresses, my guess is that for many transvestites half the excitement would go out of their hobby.

A Scotsman wearing a kilt is not a transvestite, nor is an Indian wearing a lungi. They are both perfectly acceptable modes of dress in their respective societies and don't generate any emotional charge when worn. The essence of transvestism and fetishism lies in the emotional charge connected with these practises. This charge is largely erotic in origin, but there is the additional kick of doing something "naughty". When a woman dresses erotically to please either herself or her partner, she is not contravening the accepted modes, if a man puts on stockings and a set of sexy undies, not only is he getting his erotic kick, he enjoys the bonus of doing something forbidden. Transvestism outrages straight society because it challenges social convention. Public transvestism is iconoclastic and therefore threatening to the Establishment. Albeit that certain sections of the press are fond of exposing members of the establishment who have been caught in kinky frolics. The image of the Judge retiring for a whipping before passing sentence is not without foundation.

Mention of whipping brings my attention to the connection between transvestism and the SM scene. Certainly not all transvestists are devotees of sado-masochism, but a large number are. In a piece of well planned research some years ago Chris Gosselin found that there was a 39% overlap between the two phenomena. Maybe this is why so many TV's enjoy the fantasy of being a maid; and of course the school-girl scenario gives ample scope to indulge in flagellation.

Finally a few words on the politics of TV-Liberation. Obviously gays still suffer at the hands of society in subtle, and not so subtle, ways. However they do have more freedom of expression than they had twenty years ago. That this is so is largely due to the political pressures exerted by the Gay Liberation movement. Their fight still goes on though (see reference to Clause 28 above).

If TV's are to gain similar acceptance they too must stand up and be counted. Our fight is somewhat different, for unlike homosexuality, transvestism was never illegal. What we have to do is change public opinion to the point where we are universally accepted. I said above that transvestism is iconoclastic, and it is. It can only be politically effective though if it is visible. My message to transvestists then is "Come out of the closet. You've nothing to lose but your Y-fronts."

Yes, I know life is a drag. BUT DRAG CAN BE FUN.

THE HEADPRESS GUIDE TO ESSENTIAL MODERN CULTURE

David Flint

No sooner did HEADPRESS I go to press, than a whole slew of interesting items began to appear in the mail. No matter. This is your instant reference to the most interesting and intriguing artifacts and activities of the last few months...

PUBLICATIONS: Hot off the press, and just about the most eagerly awaited thing in years, is the new **SHOCK XPRESS**. If the old **SHOCK** seemed like a splash of Heaven with each issue, this massive 188-plus page offering will blow your head off. Too much good stuff to single anything out, it accurately describes itself as the 'essential guide to exploitation cinema', and you can get it for a paltry £12.50 from most decent retailers. Do it! It's been some time since the last edition of Ian Counce's **ABSURD**, but here's Vol. 2 No. 1. This has the story of Spanish vampire cinema, **HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM** and an Edwige Fenech filmography amongst its delights, and can be obtained for £1.00. Write to 12 Union Rd, Hurstead, Rochdale, Lancs, OL12 9QA. **THE SEX MANIACS BIBLE** has been out for some time, but no matter; the HEADPRESS team have almost worn out their copies of this information packed guide to all things erotic. Not sure of the price, but contact Tuppy Owens at P.O. Box 42B, London W1A 4ZB...and watch out for Tuppy's interview with HEADPRESS in a future edition of **FORUM** (if she can make any sense of it). Cathal Tohill's **UNUSUAL** is a feast of sleaze and trash-culture. Like what? Try Tura Satana, Kenneth Anger, Jean Rollin and dailymatrix delights for size. SAE/IRC for details to P.O. Box 1764, London, NW6 2EQ. My copy of **KRYLON UNDERGROUND** came with a free pair of edible undies - and very nice they were too. The magazine itself is a frantic mix of political ranting, social subversion and strange poetry. Quite nice, £1.00 to P.O. Box 5830, Bethesda, MD 20824, USA. Gary Gittings' sleazefilm organ **PRETTY POISON** seems to be trying almost too hard to be socially reprehensible, and occasionally verges on the incoherent. Luckily, a mix of enthusiasm and a blitzer mix of films covered just about save it from itself. No. 2 covers **THE KING OF COMEDY**, **DEADBEAT AT DAWN** and **BLEAK MOMENTS** amongst others, and runs a reprinted psychiatric interview with one Theodore Bundy. £1.00/\$3.00 to 307 Blaxwick Road, Leamore, Walsall, West Midlands WS7 7BD. Defectus Books, covered last issue, have published a reprint of **BIBLIOTHECA CROMLEYANA**, a detailed listing of a huge collection of works by/about The Great Beast. Hardly general interest stuff, but Crowley followers should find it fairly essential. £5.50/\$10.00 from Defectus Books, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX. Yendile Boxx (that's not a typo) Publishing Inc sent a couple of their mini porn comics, detailing

the adventures of Roger Fnord, 'sex-crazed time traveller'. The stories are as crude as the art, and I found the supposedly



charismatic Fnord to be a pain in the ass...but if you like this sort of thing, then I guess you'll like this...get the comics for \$2.50 each or a catalogue of Fnord 'goodies' for \$1.00, from P.O. Box 18679, Indianapolis, IN 46218, USA. **BRAINSNOT** is rather like a down market **FACTSHEET FIVE**, reviewing horror zines, trash mags and sex comics. Pretty helpful if you're looking for info on publications like **FUCKIN' SHIT** or **EAT MY HOLE**, \$2.00 from Jason Beck, 603 Toby Ln, Conroe, TX 77301, USA. Errata from last issue: for **APOCALYPSE CULTURE** and other Feral House publications (including the astonishing **TORTURES AND TORMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS**), contact Feral House, P.O. Box 861893, Los Angeles, CA 90086-1893, USA. Forget the address in HEADPRESS I, US readers send SASE for **THE FERAL HOUSE INTELLIGENCE**, the rest send the usual equivalent, The Traci Lords fanzine **NORMA K.**, reviewed last issue, has been retitled **NORA K.**...just thought you'd like to know.

VIDEO: At long last, Betty Page is officially available on video in Europe. The people to thank are Cult Epics of Amsterdam, who have released **THE EXOTIC DANCES OF BETTY PAGE**, a 90 minute collection of vintage tease flicks directed by the immortal Irving Klaw, and backed with a **LAS VEGAS GRIND** style trash rock'n'roll soundtrack. Beautifully packaged, and with free postcards as well, this is a must! £17.99 from Cult Videos, P.O. Box 55670, 1007 ND Amsterdam, Netherlands. From Palace Video comes a couple of vaguely

unseavoury but artistic titles that are worth checking out, in the form of Ken Russell's latest opus **WHORE**, and **THE HAIRDRESSER'S HUSBAND**.

TV: USTV coop shows are rarely worth sitting through, so it was particularly nice to stumble across **LAW AND ORDER** on BBC1. This surprisingly intelligent show takes us through the entire legal process, from investigation to sentencing (unusual in a genre where most villains don't live to see a trial), and deals with some emotive subjects (bombing, abortion clinics, police corruption, etc). Also making an appearance is **CAPITAL NEWS**, which I keep seeing described as being in the same vein as **HILL STREET BLUES**, **ST. ELSEWHERE** and **LA LAW**. But I can't stand those shows, and I like this. How strange... Channel Four are still in the shit over **SEX AND THE CENSORS**, which included the hard-on from Derek Jernan's **SEBASTIANE**, cut scenes from **DEATH WISH 2** and the nipple slicing from **THE NEW YORK RIPPER** amongst its many atrocities, though for many, the most offensive thing in the programme was the idiotic blathering of **BLOOD AND BLACK LACE** editor Andrew Featherstone. Still, with the threat of prosecution hanging over their heads, it's unsurprising that the C4 bosses are a little jittery. At least they're still showing interesting stuff, though. Morbid

viewers who tuned into the Australian documentary on death **BODY TALK** (22 July) were treated to a little gem straight after it, with Graeme Wood's **TEENAGE BABYLON**, a short black and white recreation of teenage suicide scenes, copied from police photos and backed with a soundtrack of fitful love songs. So realistic were these, C4 felt compelled to reassure viewers both before and after the showing that they weren't the actual bodies on film. Also shown in the 'Down Under' season was **SALT, SWEAT, SPERM AND SALIVA** (now that's a title!), which was let down only by some rather unsubtle censorship in the form of a large black square covering part of the screen during some vigorous hardcore humping.

MUSIC: **THE FUNNY UNCLUES** sent along their demo tape, which contained six grungy garage punk numbers like **SHE DOG** and **UNCLE WILBUR**...and a cover of **LOVE POWER** from Mel Brooks' **THE PRODUCERS**. Entertaining sixties inspired psychedelic grind that's probably best seen

live and drunk. Write c/o Rick Bruccoleri, 136 Tulip Avenue Apt. 2, Floral Park, NY 11001, USA. As a complete change of scene, the new double album from **THIS MORTAL COIL**, entitled **BLOOD**, is pretty stunning. Carefully produced and perfectly executed, the hauntingly ethereal music on here seems to be divinely inspired.

FILM: **HEADPRESS** put the following question concerning **IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES** to the BBFC. "Had the final scene of graphic violence (total castration) been carried out by the man on the woman would the scene have been cut?" The BBFC responded with, "Male violence to women is necessarily different from female violence to men as the power relationship in society is different, but it is impossible to answer a hypothetical question of this sort."

EVENTS: There's going to be another **BLACK SUNDAY** horror film festival (you didn't really believe that the last one was the final one did you?) in September. Those already on the mailing list don't need to do anything, but the rest can get info etc from David Bryan, 51 Thatch Leach Lane, Whitefield, Manchester M25 6EN (tel: 061 766 2566).

OBSCURE OBJECTS OF DESIRE: **THE ARCHIVES OF AESTHETIC NIHILISM** catalogue is chock full of weird shit, most of which is Manson Family paraphernalia, and "murder - mess or otherwise". Contact AES-NIHIL PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 93982, Hollywood, CA 90093, USA or P.O. Box 613, Reseda, CA 91337, USA. **LIVING COLOR PRODUCTIONS** are the business. Life means little without much of the gear they have on offer - thankfully for the **HEADPRESS** bank balance (ha!), much of it was already sold by the time their catalogue turned up. But you'll want to check out stuff like **AUTOEROTIC FATALITIES**, **JEAN HILL WE LOVE YOU**, **DEATH MAGAZINE** and **SLEAZOID EXPRESS** compilation, for sure. Write to Pet Hollis, 12 Pleasantview Ln., Circle Pines, MN 55014, USA.

When writing to any of the above, don't forget to include SAE/IRC when making enquiries, give an age statement if you think it will be necessary, and tell them **HEADPRESS** sent you.



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-LETTERS-

I would like to meet you. My work is full of offensive language and does very little to please either the mainstream poetry business or the alternative arts centre, community arts culture. If a label had to be attached, it would probably be anarchist capitalist bastard who the fuck does he think he is anyway. And, for my own satisfaction and curiosity, I would like to know who the fuck publishes a book of photocopied sex film ads! Please contact me.

IAN ROGERS Moss Side, Manchester.

Thanks for the tea-bags!
Best wishes

BAT San Francisco

Bat - Mordantia Bat - is editor of SINS OF COFFEE, a peculiar literary fanzine. Free if you live in the San Francisco area.

HEADPRESS 1, an enjoyable read. After reading my brain went a bit weird for several hours. The world's first consciousness altering publication?

PAUL KEVERN Blandford, Dorset

Jesus Christ, £3.50? OK, I'll go for it!

NICK SLATTER Crawley, Sussex

Glad to say I came across your excellent magazine in Manchester recently. Reviews of MACHO SLUTS, SANTA SANGRE, Cronenberg films, DER TODESKING and all those lovely catalogues and fanzines - my cup runneth over indeed! Yes, I loved the whole lot, except for the SANTA SANGRE piece which was a bit rambling and too interested in small details rather than giving a larger view. I love the idea that you want to write about stuff like 'Divinity, Death and Desire' in a grown up manner - let there be no barriers. I hope your next magazine will be as good if not better - maybe with more pictures/photos in it.

HELEN ROTH Hulme, Manchester.

Thanks for the review, Helen. Unfortunately we were unable to use it. Get back in touch, however, as we don't have your full address.

I've recently received a magazine from you;
Thanks
Sincerely

RAMON MIRELES Downey, California

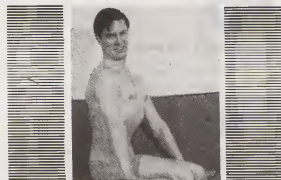
We recently received a letter. Thanks.

I've just read HEADPRESS 1 and enjoyed almost all of it. 'Sex, Religion and Death' - perfect. I didn't think much of David Slater's see-thru-toilets etc, although his article on MR PUNCH: SEX KILLER PUPPET was a joy. I've always loved children's rhymes with sinister undertones (like ring-a-ring-a-roses) and this was in a similar vein.
Yours

STEVE THOMAS Ealing, London

Thank you for the complimentary copy of HEADPRESS. I'm afraid I have no particular films I can recommend.

Professor H. PRINS Hampshire



I was surprised to see SHIVERS is a video nasty having hired it from a video shop some years ago. Still, the public has a right to be protected I guess!!

K.A. BEER Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

K.A. included a "12-year-olds see rape and death shocker" clipping, and his photo. More reader photos wanted, OK?

How wonderful to know that freaks like you are still alive in this post-Thatcher era. So she didn't exterminate all of us. Good news indeed. Some seventy year olds are still alive and kicking and reading HEADPRESS. Keep up the good work.
Love and Iconoclasm

JACK HOUSDEN Crumpsall, Manchester.

Jack has contributed TV DAZE in this issue.

The most pleasant surprise for me - alrhead that I clearly am - was another of the Michaela Strachan 'kissagram' pix; different to the one that the MAIL published a while back. Are there more of these? Any chance of copies?

KEVIN McCURE St Austell, Cornwall

LAST DETAILS

AMERICAN PSYCHO

(Picador 1991)
Brett Easton Ellis

THE COLOUR OF POMEGRANATES

(1969 colour 73 minutes)
dir/sc/ed: Sergo Paradjanov
with: Sofico Chlaureh
M. Aleksanian
V. Galstian
G. Gegechkori
O. Minassian

FOREVER AND ALWAYS

(1978 colour 21 minutes)
pr/dir/sc/ed/ph: George Kuchar
with: Olive M. Ayhens
Beau Brinkwater
Jon Erickson
Dona Frost

HOLD ME WHILE I'M NAKED

(1966 colour 15 minutes)
pr/dir/sc/ed/ph: George Kuchar
with: Donna Kerness
Hope Morris
Steve Packard
Andrea Lunin
George Kuchar

I, AN ACTRESS

(1977 B/W)
pr/dir/sc/ed/ph: George Kuchar
with: Barbara Lapsley
George Kuchar

LEGEND OF THE SURAM FORTRESS

(1984 colour 87 minutes)
dir: Sergo Paradjanov, Doodo Abashidze
sc: Vazha Ghigashvili
with: Veeneriko Andzhaparidze
Doodo Abashidze
Sofico Chlaureh
Duuduxan Tserodze

LITTLE GIRLS BLUE

dir: Joanna Williams
pr: William Dancer
sc: William Dancer, Joanna Williams
ed: Michael Zen
ph: John Fielder
with: Casey Winters
Tamara Morgan
Lola Dunmore
Elaine Wells
Ken Cotton
Paul Thomas
Terry Blass
Carl Regal

MAN BEHIND THE SUN

(1987 colour 105 minutes)
dir: T F Mous
pr: Fu Chi

THE MONGRELOID

(1978 colour 9 minutes)
pr/dir/sc/ed/ph: George Kuchar
with: George Kuchar
Curt McDowell
George's Dog



NEKROMANTIK 2

(1991 colour 100 minutes)
dir: Jorg Buttgereit
pr: Manfred O. Jelinski
story: Jorg Buttgereit & Franz Rodenkirchen
ph: Manfred O. Jelinski
with: Monika M.
Mark Reeder
Simone Sport
Wolfgang Muller

A REASON TO LIVE

(1976 B/W 27 minutes)
pr/dir/sc/ed/ph: George Kuchar
directional collaboration: Marlon Smith
with: Curt McDowell
Maxine Duff-Davis
Marlon Eaton
Robbie Tucker

THE VANISHING

(1988 colour 104 minutes)
dir/ed: George Sluizer
pr: George Sluizer, Anne Lordon
sc: Tim Krabbe, with George Sluizer
ph: Toni Kuhn
with: Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu
Gene Bervoets
Johanna Ter Steege
Gwen Ekhaus

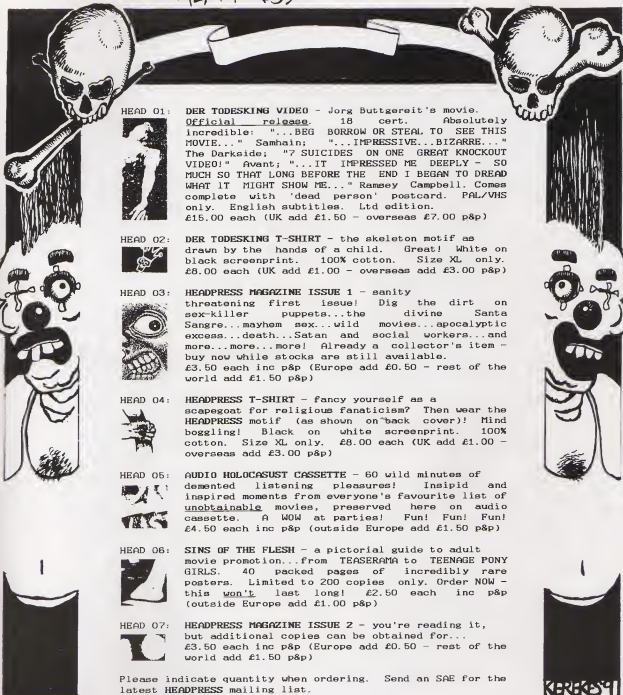
WEEKEND


(1967 colour 95 minutes)
dir/sc: Jean-Luc Godard
ed: Agnes Guillemot
ph: Raoul Coutard
with: Mireille Darc
Jean Yanne
Jean-Pierre Kalfon
Valerie Lagrange


WILD NIGHT IN EL RENO


(1977 colour)
pr/dir/sc/ed/ph: George Kuchar


HEADPRESS MERCHANDISE





HEAD 01:  **DER TODESKING VIDEO** - Jorg Buttgeriet's movie. Official release. 18 cert. Absolutely incredible: "...BEG BORROW OR STEAL TO SEE THIS MOVIE..." Samhain; "...IMPRESSIVE...BIZARRE..." The Darkside; "7 SUICIDES ON ONE GREAT KNOCKOUT VIDEO!" Avant; "...IT IMPRESSED ME DEEPLY - SO MUCH SO THAT LONG BEFORE THE END I BEGAN TO DREAD WHAT IT MIGHT SHOW ME..." Ramsey Campbell. Comes complete with 'dead person' postcard. PAL/VHS only. English subtitles. Ltd edition. £15.00 each (UK add £1.50 - overseas £7.00 p&p)


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